HARRY KEPPEL

ALGERNON WEST

MEMOIR

OF

ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET

HON. SIR HENRY KEPPEL, G.C.B., O.M.

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BY THE RIGHT HON.

SIR ALGERNON WEST, G.C.B.

WITH PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON

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I have been permitted to dedicate to HIS MAJESTY THE KING *this slight Memoir of 'Harry Keppel,' in recognition not only of his long and distinguished career as a servant of the Crown and his country, but of the personal friendship with which he was for many years honoured by His Majesty.*

ALGERNON WEST

ILLUSTRATIONS

MEMOIR

OF ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET

HON. SIR HENRY KEPPEL, G.C.B., O.M.

CHAPTER I

Mr. John Morley once told me that a man might achieve great legislative results, do great deeds, and be a most useful member of society, but unless he possessed the gift of personality he would be to the general public as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

Harry Keppel undoubtedly possessed that gift. And what is it? 'You might as well,' says a brilliant writer, 'ask whence comes the magic of music, or the charm of the landscape, which fades from our view before we have drunk our fill of its delight.'

There are, I imagine, few of us who, after a hard day's work, have not experienced the exhilarating effect, over all other wines, of a glass of champagne; but could any of us in writing define the cause of that exhilaration?

Harry Keppel had that indefinable influence that I claim for champagne on any society he entered—that nameless magic, that infection of geniality which impress themselves so deeply on the affection of our fellow-men.

There is an old story of a certain bishop being in a railway carriage with two navvies, who talked, after the manner of their kind, in language which certainly was not ecclesiastical. 'My dear man,' said the kindly bishop to one of them, 'where did you learn that terrible language?' 'Learn it, governor? You can't learn it; it's a gift.' So with Harry Keppel; you could not learn the charm—it was a gift. Those who knew him understood, if they were unable to explain it, and would admit that no human being ever left him without feeling inspired by his splendid vitality, his boyish geniality, and his sympathetic kindness.

Even in these days of frequent biographies

and recollections, I hope that there may yet be room for a short memoir of the life of such a man—a life that began in 1809, when George III. was king, and was prolonged into the happy reign of Edward VII.

Harry Keppel held commissions on the Active List of the Royal Navy under four sovereigns, and ended his career as Admiral of the Fleet, a loyal subject of the Crown, and, moreover, the devoted friend of our ruling King and Queen Alexandra. Through what long chapters of our country's history he passed, 'a man of cheerful yesterdays and confident to-morrows,' who in peace possessed the gentle tenderness of a woman, in battle the pugnacity of a bulldog.

In writing this short sketch of Keppel's life I have before me many letters from officers who at one time or another served under him. They might all have been written by one hand, so unanimous are they in testifying to his reckless daring, his love of discipline and hatred of red-tape, his encouraging loyalty to his subordinates, his anxious consideration of the feelings of all with whom he was brought in contact. He believed in the best part of men; he never

made punishment and fear, but love and sense of duty, the leading motives of their lives. These principles, together with his personal freedom from fear and his readiness to take blame and support those under him, made the vessels he commanded 'happy ships.'

Harry Keppel, in the description of his sailor's life, tells how he was born at Earl's Court, Kensington, on June 14, 1809, so frail a child that he was deposited in his father's foot-pan, to be interred in a garden at the back of the house, not being thought of sufficient importance to be entitled to a grave in consecrated ground; and yet, so wonderful are the contradictions and vagaries of Nature, that this frail atom of humanity, saved by the fond care of his nurse, lived to the age of ninety-four.

Descended from the Arnold Joost Van Keppel who accompanied the Prince of Orange to this country in 1688, and was created Earl of Albemarle, Harry unquestionably inherited his ancestor's 'sweet and obliging temper and winning manners.' Burke said, 'The Keppels have two countries—one of descent and one of birth. Their interests and glory are the same.'

It is needless to say that Harry was born a pure Whig; and as his elder brother's sponsor was Charles James Fox, so his was Henry Lord Holland, on whose statue in the park of Holland House is inscribed this quatrain:

> Nephew of Fox and friend of Grey,
> Be mine no higher fame
> If those who deign to watch me say
> I've sullied neither name.

His elder brother, Lord Albemarle, in his 'Fifty Years of My Life,' tells us how as a boy fresh from Westminster he obtained a commission as ensign in the 14th Foot, and was just in time to take part in the battle of Waterloo.

Harry has often told me how vivid was his recollection of hearing the news of that battle in his Norfolk home, and of his firm belief that his brother had personally vanquished the Great Napoleon Bonaparte in single combat. This idea was not at all dissipated by the hero-worship which surrounded that brother on his return to Quidenham.

Out hunting one day, his fond father turned to a Norfolk farmer, and said with pride: 'What do you think of my son's horsemanship?' 'He

du ride just like a fule,' replied the farmer in his Norfolk dialect.

Keppel's schooldays were the schooldays of thousands of other high-spirited boys; and he remained a high-spirited boy to the end, an example of the truth and best meaning of the saying: 'Whom the gods love die young.'

'Granny,' a little child once asked, 'are you old or young?' 'My dear,' was the answer, 'I have been young a great many years.'

And in his old age Harry Keppel was still young.

Coke of Norfolk, as he was habitually called, was a Whig of the old Charles Fox school, whose political sympathy with the Keppels drew the two families into close intimacy; and at an early age, when a large party was assembled at Holkham, Mr. Coke took Harry into his study and told him to sit in a particular chair; which he did, not without some apprehension of what was to follow. He was soon relieved on being told by Mr. Coke that he had been sitting on the chair on which Nelson had once sat. How little either then thought that the boy would follow in that great man's footsteps!

After nearly eighty-five years he said to me: 'If I could live to see my boy Colin again I shall be able to say, with Nelson, "I die happy."'

When Harry was only nine Lord Albemarle, his father, summoned him and his brother to his side, and bade them choose professions. Both, with one accord, said they would be sailors. When told that only one of them could be, Harry hit his younger but bigger brother, Tom, in the eye; he promptly returned the blow, and his father considered that they had both proved their fitness for the Navy, and the matter was so decided.

Tom, however, soon left the profession he had chosen, took Orders, and had about fourteen children, and died in 1869.

Mr. Coke, at the age of seventy, married, in 1822, Harry's sister, Lady Anne Keppel, who was only seventeen—so fair a girl that she went by the name of the White Lady. An heir was born to him at the end of that year, and he was loudly cheered on the happy event when taking his place in the House of Commons. Lady Leicester always insisted on having family prayers at Holkham, and Harry as a boy

recollected that the menservants used to go round the room afterwards, helping those whose copious libations at dinner prevented them from rising when they had once knelt down—*O tempora, O mores!*

In later years Harry used to say that Lord Leicester (then Mr. Coke) sat in the House of Commons for over thirty years, and used to boast that during that time he had never once voted with the Government; which is probably true, for he was out of Parliament during the 'Ministry of All the Talents.'

Mr. Coke was a great agriculturist, and at a Norfolk dinner he recounted his successes in some new method of turnip sowing. One of the following speakers, addressing his brother-farmers in true Norfolk vernacular, said: 'If yu'd all du as Mr. Coke du yu wouldn't du as yu du du.'

Among Mr. Coke's intimate friends was Sir Francis Burdett. It was at Holkham that Harry Keppel met him, with a party assembled there to celebrate his liberation from the Tower, where he had undergone a sentence of three months' imprisonment and had been fined

2,000*l.* for his attack on the conduct of the authorities, consequent on the Peterloo Massacre, when women and children had been killed at a peaceful assembly of citizens met to advocate Free Trade. He was still a Radical, and had not then incurred the withering reply to his statement in the House of Commons, 'There is nothing so contemptible as the cant of patriotism.' 'Except,' retorted Lord John Russell, 'the recant of patriotism.'

Being a small boy, Harry was often put into the chaise in which Sir Francis drove about the country, so that the assembled crowds could get a good view of the popular hero over his head as they dragged his carriage through the streets. Wherever he stopped he was received with cheers and cries of 'The Queen and her rights!'

It is difficult for us, knowing what we do in these days, to believe in and realise the wild enthusiasm with which Queen Caroline was received on her return from the Continent. Macaulay, then a youth, reflected the passion of the hour in a poem ending with:

> Thy crown, our love; thy shield, our laws.
> Thank Heaven our Queen has come!

During the year previous to his entering the Navy Harry Keppel travelled much with the Duke of Sussex, accompanied by armed servants as a protection against highwaymen.

The Royal Duke at that time was an ardent Liberal, in favour of all the progressive measures, which made him popular with the Whigs and estranged him from his father, whose resentment he had incurred ever since his childhood, when, as Lord Albemarle tells us, he had been sent supperless to bed for wearing Admiral Keppel's colours at the Windsor election of 1780. The King, it was said, personally canvassed the electorate against the Liberal candidate.

On one occasion Harry, in company with the Duke, visited Newstead Abbey, then belonging to Colonel Wildman, who had recently bought it from Lord Byron. There he saw the famous drinking-cup, out of which so many ribald lordlings clothed in monks' dresses had drunk blasphemous toasts. Byron had made it out of the skull of some old monk found in the Abbey cloister, and engraved the following lines upon it :

Start not, nor deem my spirit fled;
In me behold the only skull
From which, unlike a living head,
Whatever flows is never dull.

I lived, I loved, I quaff'd like thee;
I died; let earth my bones resign;
Fill up—thou canst not injure me;
The worm has fouler lips than thine.

Better to hold the sparkling grape
Than nurse the earthworm's slimy brood,
And circle, in the goblet's shape,
The drink of gods, than reptile's food.

Where once my wit, perchance, hath shone,
In aid of others let me shine;
And when, alas! our brains are gone,
What nobler substitute than wine!

Quaff while thou canst—another race,
When thou and thine like me are sped,
May rescue thee from Earth's embrace,
And rhyme and revel with the dead.

Why not? Since through life's little day
Our heads such sad effects produce,
Redeemed from worms and wasting clay,
This chance is their's, to be of use.

Newstead Abbey, 1808.

According to the tradition of the family, whenever a visitor came to the Abbey a bottle of wine was poured into the cup, and the unhappy stranger was expected to drain it. During the Duke's visit at Newstead on one

occasion, Mr. Brougham arrived after an election tour, and emptied the skull at a draught, without seeming at all unhappy; indeed, he appeared to be all the better for it.

On February 8, 1822, Harry became an officer in the Royal Navy.

> How youngly he began to serve his country,
> How long continued.

He was met on his way to Portsmouth by his kinsman, Prebendary William Garnier's, carriage. 'I did bring ye some pears, my boy,' said the coachman, 'to eat on the journey, but I'm afeard I've sat on 'em'; but, the Prebendary tells us, the boy ate them all the same.

His uniform was a blue tail-coat, stand-up collar, plain raised gilt buttons, tall round hat, gold-lace loop, with cockade and shoes.

His first ship after leaving college was the 'Tweed,' a 28-gun 'donkey frigate,' as she was called, and in her he went through all the early experiences of a middy's life. The discomforts of it were in those days very great: evil-smelling linen, tallow dips stuck in bottles for lights, and always filthy food.

When at Rio Janeiro, in 1824, on his way

out to the Cape, he saw that gallant and extraordinary, but ill-used man, Lord Cochrane, who had consented to become First Admiral of the National and Imperial Navy of Brazil, 'on the principle that a British nobleman had a right to assist any country endeavouring to re-establish the rights of aggrieved humanity.' He came on board the 'Tweed,' and shook hands with the little middy. A few days afterwards the youngster was ordered to take a despatch on shore to the commanding officer. On returning to the gig the Brazilian sentry refused to let him pass, so, with the pluck for which in after-life he was so conspicuous, the middy embarked under his first baptism of fire, and with his boat's crew charged through the guard.

The period of Harry Keppel's entering the Navy was one of peace and dawning prosperity. The estimates for the Navy were 5,762,893*l.*, and he lived to see them mount up to the fabulous sum of 42,000,000*l.* in a year of equally profound peace! In 1820 the European nations were only slowly recovering from the Napoleonic wars, and therefore expenditure was at a minimum; but since that time these figures

have steadily increased with the growth of the fleet.

This gigantic increase in the Navy estimates since 1820 is, of course, due not only to the introduction of steam propulsion, but also to the hundred and one items which are required to make up a modern battleship—and unfortunately these are ever being augmented—as well as to the enormous increase in the *personnel*. The latest constructed battleship cost considerably over one and a quarter million sterling, gun-mountings alone, apart from actual guns, costing over 200,000*l*.

The number of ships in the Royal Navy when Harry entered it was 604, of which 139 were in full commission. The number when he died was 575, excluding submarines and torpedo boats, and 250 were in full commission; 873,335*l*. was provided for men, including Marines; now the vote for the same purpose is 6,691,000*l*. Steam, of course, had not then been brought into use in H.M. ships.

It is interesting in this iron age to think that in 1825 a ship of the line remained ten or twelve years on the stocks, 800 full-grown oak

trees being used in her construction. But ship-building and morals have alike changed since then, as we realise when we hear how our young middy took part in his first court-martial, on an officer who had purchased a slave negress at Zanzibar and taken her to sea.

Keppel has often told me, in sailor-like language, how fearful was the debauchery and drunkenness of a ship's crew in his early days, when, after an absence of many years, they were paid off with all their wages in hand, which for the most part were spent in the first week.

Large profits were then made by captains of His Majesty's ships for freight of specie to and from England. These payments were sanctioned in various proclamations, and are often alluded to in Sir Harry's Memoirs.

One day in the summer of 1886 I was with Lord Randolph Churchill, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, when his wrath was roused by the discovery that Her Majesty's officers were paid for conveying treasure on Her Majesty's ships. He told me that he considered such transactions scandalous and indefensible; with him, in those too short days when he presided

over the finances of the country, it was ever a word and a blow, and the practice was then and there discontinued.

At the Cape, in 1828, Harry was the author of a foolish freak which nearly cost him his life. As he relates, 'while driving a tandem both horses were inclined to run away, which I did not so much mind if I could keep in the road. It appears that my leader had been accustomed to work on the near side in a team, and bore in that direction. However, there was but little traffic.

'Martin held the whip, while I twisted the leader's rein round my forearm and pulled all I could. Martin, instead of sitting quiet, began to "touch the leader up." I told him that my neck was as strong as his, and chucked the reins on to the shaft horse's back. The leader threw up his head, turned sharp to the left, and jumped the fence and broken wall. I had an idea, as I lay in the road, of some huge bird passing in the air. Both horses were on their backs, when I heard a voice from the bush calling my attention to the upper wheel, the only thing that could move, spinning round as if it must catch fire.

We had to ride into Simon's Town—luckily, when it was dark—on the bare backs of the horses.'

This dangerous road, practically a precipice, is known to this day by the name of 'Keppel's Folly.'

In July 1825 he was back in English waters, and the 'Tweed' was crowded with visitors. Dressed in his smartest uniform, Harry selected two pretty girls, to whom he did the honours of the ship; but he was rather annoyed to find that they took him for a cabin boy, and to be presented on their departure with a tip of sixpence! However, not wishing to hurt their feelings, he pocketed the affront—and the coin.

CHAPTER II

On the arrival of the 'Tweed' at Spithead in August 1829, Keppel found, to his joy, that he was just in time for Goodwood. He had inherited a love for racing, and found that his father as Master of the Horse had three of the King's horses entered for the Goodwood Cup. He asked with which horse he should win. 'Win with all three,' said His Majesty, and the orders were obeyed. The first three horses were his: Fleur-de-Lis, 1; Zingaree, 2; Colonel, 3.

Harry Keppel again virtually became one of the staff of the Duke of Sussex, and accompanied him in visits to various country houses.

Captain Marryat, the future author of 'The Naval Officer,' 'Peter Simple,' 'Midshipman Easy,' and 'Masterman Ready,' which have delighted so many generations of readers, was

also on the Duke's staff, and it was believed that the principal characters in his books were taken from real life.

At that time the uniform of the staff in the evening was a green coat with royal brass buttons, buff cloth waistcoat, and trousers.

During this short stay at home Keppel was, as a great honour, introduced to the Beefsteak Club, called the 'Sublime Society,' which was founded in 1735 by John Rich, the famous harlequin. It consisted of twenty-four members. Among the rules were :

'Beefsteaks shall be the only meat.

'Broiling begins at two of the clock ; table-cloth removed at three of the clock.

'Any wagers lost to be paid to the treasurer.

'Any member absenting himself three successive days of meeting, unless excused by a majority, shall be expelled.

'A member allowed one guest.

'The Society consists of a president, a vice-president, a bishop, a recorder, a boots.'

The meetings generally broke up in time for the theatres.

The president's chair, carved in oak, with a

gridiron and motto, 'Beef and Liberty,' was bought at Christie's in 1867 for H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

Among the names of the few members appeared those of Hogarth, Sandwich, the Duke of Sussex, the Duke of Leinster, Lord Brougham, and Mr. Whitbread, each member having his crest and motto on his chair.

Soon after Keppel's admission to the Society his brother-in-law was presented with a silver cigar-case bearing the inscription: 'That he may keep us in his mind who lives in our hearts this case is presented to our brother, Henry Frederick Stephenson, by the hand of his Royal brother, the Duke of Sussex, in his and our names, in grateful remembrance of his service.'

During his visits to the Club Keppel made many acquaintances in the theatrical world, among whom T. P. Cooke was a universal favourite. This popular actor was idolised at transpontine theatres as the delineator of the British tar. 'The man who would see a woman in distress without helping her is not worthy of

the name of a British sailor ' used to bring down the gods in the gallery every night. He was born in 1786, and when ten years old was in the 'Brazen,' of 26 guns, at the siege of Toulon, and at eleven years of age was at the battle of St. Vincent. In 1804 he acted the part of Nelson at Astley's, and after playing in 'Black-eyed Susan' a hundred times at the Surrey Theatre, went to Covent Garden, where Keppel found him, when he returned from sea, still performing his part of William in the same famous play.

In the beginning of the year 1830, when staying at Newstead Abbey, Keppel received a letter from the Admiralty appointing him to the 'Galatea,' and immediately started to join her, catching the mail at Leicester.

This generation, accustomed to luxurious and rapid travelling, can hardly believe in the sufferings of their ancestors as described by Keppel.

It was freezing sharp and only one outside place. Luckily he found a friend, Dr. Pettigrew, who was attached to the Household of the Duke of Sussex. But for him he would have died.

Keppel fortified with cloaks and rugs, and the Doctor with lozenges, they arrived the following morning at the Bull Inn, Aldgate. There his kind friend thrust him into a hackney coach with all the straw he could collect from the inn, and he started, jolting over the rough pavement, for his grandmother's residence, 10 Berkeley Square, where he found that the process of restoring circulation was far more painful even than being frozen. Luckily for him he was close to the famous confectioner Gunter's, so long established in Berkeley Square, where restoratives were easily obtained and gratefully made use of.

The captain of the 'Galatea' was Charles Napier, a man of whom more was to be heard. Before they put to sea the youngsters in the 'Galatea,' who had been learning the noble art of self-defence, invited their teacher, Ned Neat, the famous pugilist, and Mr. Thomas Winter, better known as Tom Spring, to a dinner at the Castle Tavern, Holborn. Pugilists and the coachman of the Portsmouth 'Regulator,' who was dressed in drab breeches and white stockings, buff vest, a voluminous white choker over a

frilled shirt, and a huge nosegay in the front of a blue frock-coat, were present.

To this dinner Keppel brought the famous nautical actor, T. P. Cooke.

After a short cruise to Lisbon the ship returned, and was visited by John Wilson Croker, then Secretary to the Admiralty, on a tour of inspection. But this gentleman's acquaintance with Keppel was very nearly a short one, for, returning in a wherry after putting the Secretary ashore, the Poole packet, a large sailing cutter, caught the wherry's stern and lifted her end over end. Keppel clung with the tenacity of youth to the packet's bowsprit, and every time she dipped he was immersed, but was after many plunges discovered by one of the crew and hauled in, more dead than alive.

His subsequent career made it clear that he had as many lives as the proverbial cat.

Soon after, at Barbadoes, Keppel got into a scrape—one of those scrapes which are so easily forgiven and laughed at afterwards, but which was, no doubt, very serious to him at the time. He was, owing to some misunderstanding with the first lieutenant, put under arrest. 'Meester

Karpel,' said Captain Napier, 'ye refused to gang for water when ordered by the first lieutenant.' Harry was a good deal annoyed, the more so as he was anxious to attend a dignity ball on shore, and of this amusement he was determined not to be baulked; so he persuaded an old shipmate, then on a merchant vessel, who had left His Majesty's service for 'taking his tea a little too strong,' to bring a small boat under the starboard bow and take him ashore when it was dark.

After the master-at-arms had reported 'Prisoner safe,' he passed the gunroom sentry as an officer's servant, bumped under the hammocks on the lower decks, through the bow port, got into a boat, and clambered ashore. He reached the ball, and was dancing with a dark beauty, when, to his horror, Captain Charles Napier was announced, who, throwing off his coat and epaulettes, was soon engaged in the Scotch shuffle. Keppel now thought the time had come for him to escape unseen, but, running down the embarkation stairs, he came under a bright lamp, and fell into the arms of Captain Courtney, commanding the 'Mersey,' with whom

Captain Napier had been dining. He was at once recognised, and the good-natured Captain, telling him he was a fool, advised him to get back to his ship as soon as possible. The next morning he was reported 'Safe during the night.' When the 'Galatea' arrived at St. Vincent Keppel was still under arrest; but the Governor, Sir John Hill, an old friend of his father's, interceded for him, and Captain Napier gave him permission to say that if Keppel would make a proper apology to the first lieutenant he should be allowed to return to duty; so the next morning he was sent for to the Captain's cabin, where he found Collier, the first lieutenant. Keppel's previous good conduct enabled the Captain to state that if he would only express his regret he might return to his duty. He thanked the Captain, said he had already written a letter applying for a court-martial, and that the apology must be made to him. Nothing more was said; but on the next day, before arrival at Port Royal, he was ordered to return to duty. Three years later, at the Old Navy Club in Bond Street, when he was a commander, he and Captain Napier dined together, and he then

recounted the whole story of his escapade. Of course Captain Napier wanted to try him by court-martial then and there!

It was at Port Royal that Keppel came across the creoles of the West Indies. The wars of the eighteenth century had thrown money into the hands of these people, and during Rodney's time the ladies gradually lost their dark polish. Commencing as washer-women, and supplying officers' messes, they accumulated money. Some of them became the owners of slaves. In Jamaica, years after they had grown into colonists, many emigrated to other islands under our flag rather than mix with the sugar-planting negroes. But it was by their cleanliness, kindness, and attention to sick and wounded that they became so necessary and were the means of saving many lives. It was not only at Barbadoes, but at Port Royal, Jamaica, St. Vincent, and St. Lucia, that these ladies used to hold their levees and talk freely of their absent aristocratic relations.

Harry Keppel relates how, on the occasion of the launch of the 'Thunderer' in 1831, at which he was present, the King (William IV.)—our

'Sailor King,' as he calls him—being in a playful humour, and observing from the dockyard that the officers had a ladies' party to luncheon in the gunroom, and that the skylight was off, made a sign not to be noticed. Going on board, he dropped the point of his sword through the skylight on to the mess-table, holding the knot, to the astonishment of the ladies and amusement of all. His Majesty wore the uniform of Lord High Admiral, and was the last holder of that office, which has ever since been put into commission.

In this year Keppel was for a short time on half-pay, but soon heard of a ship fitting out at Greenwich, the 'Magicienne,' to which he was appointed. He was sent on a roving expedition, to get recruits. This amused him, particularly as he was very successful; and it gave him the opportunity of occasional visits to London, where it was the fashion in those days for the regiments of the Household Brigade to own six- or eight-oared gigs, and they were in the habit of taking ladies down the river with the ebb tide, ending with fish dinners at Greenwich. The excitement in going was to shoot the old London Bridge,

where if the tide was out there might be a drop of four or five feet. This required good way on the boat—so much so that many ladies preferred landing and re-embarking; but with a naval officer at the helm they thought there could be no danger. Harry, perfectly ignorant of the tides, was, of course, ready to undertake the responsibility, and enjoyed himself amazingly, managing the journey without any accident to his fair crew.

During this holiday he often met Theodore Hook and Douglas Jerrold, who were then delighting the young men of the day with the wit that has been handed down for the amusement of a later time, when such wit of an earlier day seems to have disappeared for ever from fashionable society.

During Keppel's cruise in the 'Magicienne' an event occurred of which he afterwards repented.

They were off Ceylon, hoping to reach Trincomalee the following day. His was the second dog-watch, which had come to an end, and a squall was brewing. Tyndal, although the son of a judge, was not a smart relief, and it

was near one bell before he came up, and the squall came down. Keppel was drenched to the skin, and, appearing in the gunroom as if he had been overboard, seated himself at the table, and called for grog.

Hutton, one of the lieutenants, who for his cheery disposition was named 'Dirk Hatteraick,' came behind, and as Keppel was about to console himself his chair tilted backwards, and the contents of the glass caught Dirk in the tender part of his eyes.

The following day, while Keppel was seated with Knox at the gunroom table, Hutton was on deck, looking out for a meridian altitude. Up the skylight Knox asked Hutton the latitude, which was given.

Harry remarked, 'You can't go by Dirk's reckoning.' To which Hutton retorted: 'Mr. Keppel, I want none of your remarks.' Keppel told him, in a moment of temper, that if he had thrown grog in *his* eyes he would have heard of it by this time.

Now there were two Irishmen on the station about his age, the very boys to delight in the prospects of a duel, so when he arrived at Trin-

comalee preliminaries were soon arranged; an apology or satisfaction was demanded, and the latter given. The hour chosen was half an hour before sunset, outside the fortifications. The officers of the garrison had gone to dress for dinner, and everything was quiet. Duelling pistols were then heavy, ugly things, single barrels, a foot long.

O'Brien had obtained a surgeon and the necessary instruments. Twelve paces were measured. Lloyd was to drop a white handkerchief as a signal. As Keppel had been the aggressor, he did not wish to draw blood, but held straight enough to make his opponent believe he meant business.

As the handkerchief dropped Hutton fired low and sprinkled him with gravel. The seconds, unlike Irishmen, held counsel, and said honour was satisfied. But Hutton declared for an apology or more shots.

On resuming their places Keppel began to think that he would rather shoot Dirk than die himself. When the handkerchief fell, Keppel's pistol missed fire, and Dirk's ball went through the thick part of Keppel's cap, and he thus was

saved a life's misery. The seconds declined to load again, and recommended the necessary shaking of hands. Hutton demanded that Keppel should go to him; but he refused to go more than halfway, which the seconds decided was just; and so ended this silly affair. Keppel said his prayers more earnestly that night than he had ever done before.

CHAPTER III

While still in the 'Magicienne' Keppel was sent on a little blockading expedition to the Moowar River, where he was to assist the Rajah, who was a loyal adherent of the English. The Rajah provided him with elephant and alligator shooting. So struck was he with Keppel that he offered him his daughter in marriage on condition that he should become heir to his throne of Moowar. This offer was not sufficiently tempting. Had he accepted it he would have avoided a nasty tossing from a buffalo and a bad fall out hunting at Barrackpur. Such accidents, however, were the rule rather than the exception in his career, and in after-years he often remarked, with a laugh, 'There is not a bone of my body that has not been broken,' adding, 'and some of them have never been set!' At Madras the mail brought him news of his promo-

tion to the rank of commander, and he immediately returned home in a trading vessel, which reached England in 1833. On arrival he found an invitation awaiting him to dine with the King at the Pavilion at Brighton. The Duke of Sussex, who was staying there, took Keppel to Holkham, which he was delighted to revisit, though later he returned to Brighton. At that time Almack's balls took place at the Pavilion, where the King and Queen held their Court from October to February. One morning the King's carriage came round to the door with the coachman evidently drunk. The King indulged in strong naval language, and, evidently thinking he was still on board ship, told the coachman he would report him to the master-at-arms !

Here Keppel made acquaintance with the dandies of the day, with whom Lord Lamington has made us all so familiar; but in the middle of these amusements he was appointed to the brig 'Childers' for service in the Mediterranean, and was presented at Court by Sir James Graham, then First Lord of the Admiralty.

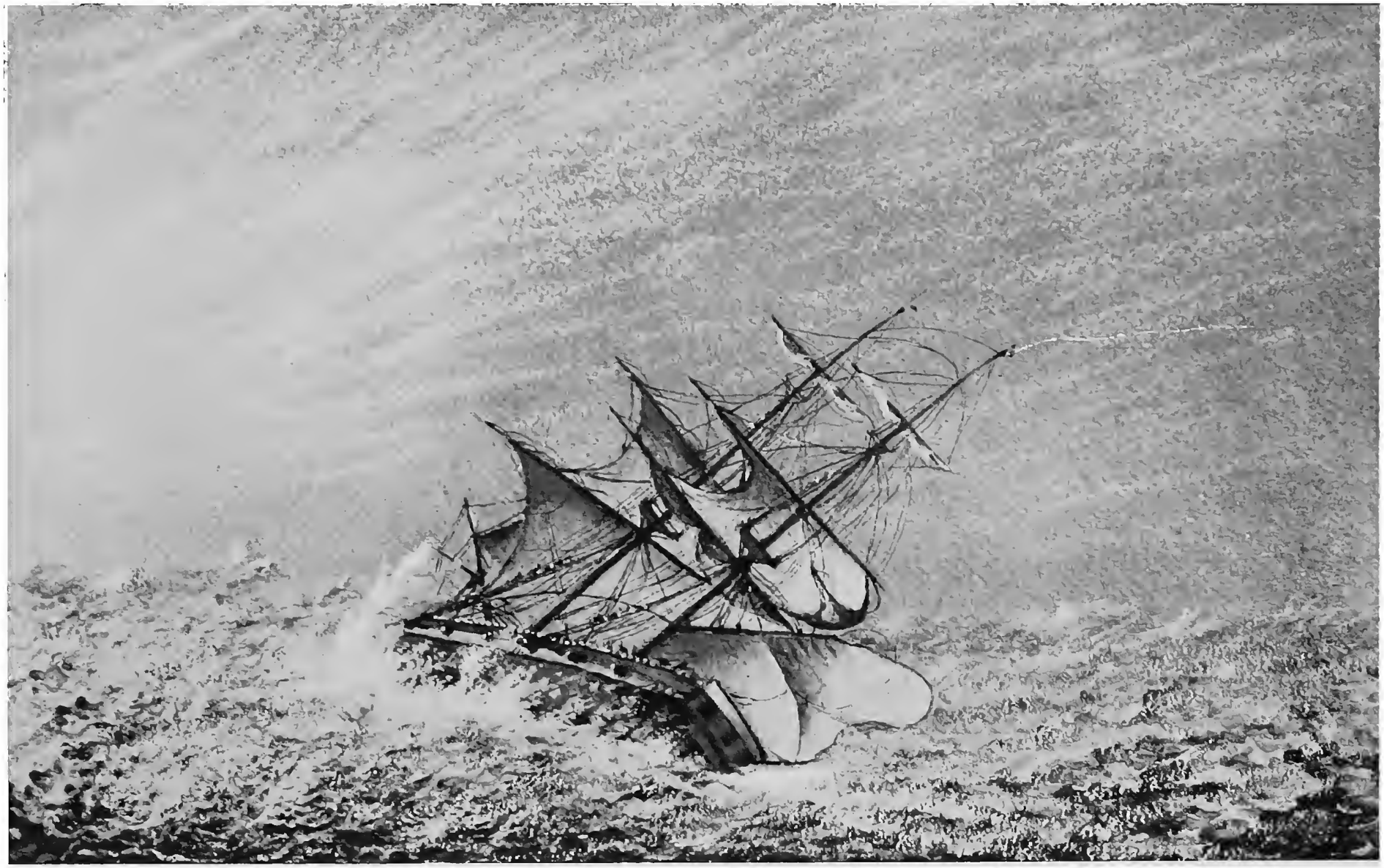
He was advised by his brother-in-law, through whose instrumentality he had obtained his

nomination, not to show himself at the Admiralty, where the Board might think his appearance too young and small to justify his appointment; so he went straight down to Portsmouth, where bills were soon posted, 'Wanted, petty officers and able seamen for H.M.S. "Childers," Commander Keppel; none but the right sort need apply.' And the right sort did apply.

In January 1835 the 'Childers' was ordered to carry despatches to Malta and was caught by a sudden squall. The first lieutenant, holding on to the topmost backstay, was thrown off his legs, singing out, 'Put the helm up.' Keppel, sticking like a limpet to the weather quarter, shouted out, 'The helm be d——d! I see the rudder.' For a few seconds the brig lay like a log, then righted herself, with the loss of everything movable. However, the despatches were delivered, and for a long time Keppel was greeted by the old captains:

'Helm be d——d! I see the rudder.'

In the beginning of 1836 the Carlist war broke out, and Keppel found himself at Barcelona, in the 'Childers,' which was kept in port



From a watercolour drawing by Bloomfield Douglas]

H.M. BRIG 'CHILDERS,' COMMANDER THE HON. HENRY KEPPEL, R.N.,
IN A 'WHITE SQUALL' IN THE MEDITERRANEAN, 1835.

THE FIRST LIEUTENANT: 'Put the helm up.'
THE COMMANDER: 'The helm be d—— d! I see the rudder.'

as a protection to British inhabitants during the bloody conflict between the troops of the constitutional Government and those of Don Carlos. On landing he was horrified by the terrible scenes of bloodshed in the streets, where massacres had already begun. Eighty Carlist prisoners had been put to death, and after they were decapitated the headless bodies were dragged by the heels through the streets by their brutal enemies. Assassinations on both sides were taking place, and Keppel suggested to Captain Parker, the senior officer, that he should offer the services of the 'Childers' to protect life, and take possession, with the Spanish troops, of the Ataxarnes Fort. This was agreed to, and before daybreak, by a rapid *coup de main*, the Union Jack and the Spanish flag were flying together over the fortress.

It was in Keppel's ship that Lord Ranelagh, who had been fighting with the Carlists, took refuge after his escape, when the Marines captured the Carlist lines at Uremea. They had been old friends; and even the present generation will be able to recall to their minds the adventurous soldier who became one of the prime

movers in the organisation and command of our Volunteers; or perhaps they will only associate his name with the property, once his, where the young men now play golf and polo.

The 'Childers' was at Gibraltar when news arrived there of the death of King William, and at the same time came orders for her to proceed to the West Coast of Africa—a great change from the pleasant shores of the Mediterranean; but, for a man to whose joyous temperament nothing came amiss, even the West Coast of Africa afforded scope for dash, courage, and amusement. His duties now consisted in hunting slavers, and right well he performed them.

It is impossible to exaggerate the horrors of the slave trade at that time. On one occasion, at Fort Lahon, a cargo of negroes were enticed on board a Spanish ship with their king, captured, and sold at the Havana. His Majesty was afterwards restored to his kingdom, but so broken-hearted and dispirited that he was unable to resume the government of his country.

And so the days passed away, chasing slavers, landing on hunting expeditions, and writing

accounts of strange experiences among the negroes.

The description he gives of them on the Coast is amusing:

'They brought off cocoanuts, cats, yams, monkeys, and gold-dust (the value of which they understood perfectly well), as well as poultry, limes, goats, and ivory, in exchange for which they took any old clothes, seamen's hats, marines' caps, and stole the hand-lead out of the chains. The whole scene of exchange, which took place on deck, being new, was most amusing.

'Every negro proceeded to dress himself in each article of clothing as he received it in exchange. One was seen walking about the decks, as proud as Lucifer, in a perfect state of nudity, with the exception of a Marine's cap. Another put trousers over his shoulders like a lady's shawl, and several had jackets on hind part before.

'On the western side of the town of Dixcove is a small river, and, the mouth being choked up with sand, it had spread itself into a swamp covering about half an acre of ground. This was the

home of many crocodiles, which were frequently known to devour goats and fowls which strayed near the banks. These reptiles, as well as snakes, are considered fetish, and were worshipped by the natives.

'Near the river lived an old fetish woman who was held in awe and treated with respect by the natives. She was supposed to have great power over crocodiles. Harry went with the Resident to see this extraordinary old hag, who was sitting in her hut covered with a sort of white mud wash, and wore about her person several absurd superstitious ornaments, such as a pair of goat's horns, some tiger's teeth, and several pieces of gold. Her body was uncovered down to the waist. She was nearly blind from age, and supported herself by a long, mysterious-looking stick. The witch took up her position under a tree, the Governor and Keppel watching with interest and astonishment. She held a doomed chicken in her hand, and repeated some unintelligible jargon, while going through most extraordinary gestures and motions. Gradually a crocodile emerged from the rushes on the opposite side, where he had been entirely hid

from view, swam across, and crept up to the bank where she stood. Keppel's first impulse was to bolt, but on turning round he felt ashamed. A number of native women, with their children, stood by, apparently without the slightest fear, so much confidence had they in the power of the old woman over the reptile. He therefore stood his ground manfully, and allowed the crocodile to approach within a yard and receive the chicken from the old hag at the end of a reed. The brute seized the unfortunate bird in the most ungracious and savage manner, crushed it, feathers and all, and turned again into the river.' This was the first and only time that Keppel saw crocodiles facing a concourse of people in either the East or the West Indies.

A stupid practical joke on board one of the ships of the Fleet led to the abolition of the time-honoured practice of mastheading midshipmen. A young Guardsman of the name of Drummond, who had been given a passage, was playing backgammon in the gun room, when the Captain sent for him. He delayed obeying the summons till he had finished his game. The Captain told him that on board

ship the Captain's orders must be obeyed, and in joke said that next time he would send him to the masthead. Drummond replied that he would see the Captain blowed first. A hauling-line from the masthead was lowered, and one of the good-natured lieutenants, seeing the Captain was really put out, advised Drummond to take the matter as a joke and mount a few steps of the rigging, and he would accompany him. There the matter ought to have ended; but the story got about, with some embellishments at Malta, and finally drifted to London, where it was taken up in Parliament, and an order was issued from the Admiralty abolishing the practice.

CHAPTER IV

In June 1838 Keppel, sound in health and spirits, had just returned to England from the West Coast of Africa, and was taking part in all the riotous proceedings of the *jeunesse dorée* of those days: Epsom, Ascot, and Goodwood, dinners at Knightsbridge Barracks, suppers at Limmer's, and rows with watchmen in the streets, as was then the fashion. These last amusements made him acquainted with the cells of a police court, and drew from him fines which he could ill afford to pay. But this was the shady side of his life; on the other, he attended balls at Prince Esterhazy's and at Buckingham Palace, and was present at the Coronation of Queen Victoria on June 28, when Mr. Coke, who had married his sister, was made Earl of Leicester.

Many were the people of note that Keppel came across during his stay in London. At

Lady Lansdowne's ball to the Foreign Ambassadors who had come over to take part in the Coronation ceremonies he saw Marshal Soult, who was now the idol of the public, and the Duke of Wellington talking together.

And on another night he was in attendance on the Duke of Sussex at a magnificent ball given by Marshal Soult. All this dissipation was brought to a happy conclusion at St. George's, Hanover Square, where he was married, on February 25, 1839, to Miss Kate Crosbie.[1]

His elder brother Lord Albemarle was present at Buckingham Palace during the birth of the Princess Royal on November 21, 1840, and shortly afterwards Harry accompanied him to Buckingham Palace, where he partook of cake and caudle, as was then the fashion.

Soon after this he went with his young wife to Baden-Baden, where he met an unknown man in the Kursaal, who insisted on shaking hands with him, saying he looked so like one of the family. This unknown man turned out to be his eldest brother, Lord Bury, whom he had not seen for twelve years.

[1] Daughter of Sir John Crosbie, G.C.H.

But the holidays were not to last many months, and on August 31, 1841, Keppel was appointed to the 'Dido' corvette, which he commissioned at Sheerness.

While at Sheerness in November he heard of the birth of the Prince of Wales. 'I little knew then,' he says, 'what a kind good friend he was to be to me in the future.'

Frank Sheridan, the handsomest of his beautiful family, and the most witty, but not the most prudent, had recently been appointed Treasurer of the Mauritius, and took a passage, as a guest of the Captain's, to that place. Some of us can well imagine how he enlivened the journey!

The Mauritius, which had been taken from the French in 1811, had become a happy dumping-ground for impecunious and fashionable young men about town. Theodore Hook, whom Keppel had come across in the 'thirties as a wit and a dandy, had been appointed Accountant-General and Treasurer of the island, an appointment which, as we all know, led to his ruin and dismissal. In 'Coningsby' he had figured as Lucian Gray, and in 'Vanity Fair' as

Wagg. If it is true that Theodore Hook was in Thackeray's mind at that time, surely the nomination of Frank Sheridan to the same place must have been the prototype of Rawdon Crawley's appointment to the Governorship of Coventry Island—and the remarks of the party Press thereon: 'We hear that the Governorship of Coventry Island has been offered to Colonel Rawdon Crawley, C.B., a distinguished Waterloo officer. We need not only men of acknowledged bravery, but men of administrative talents, to superintend the affairs of our Colonies; and we have no doubt that the gentleman selected by the Colonial Office to fill the lamented vacancy which has occurred at Coventry Island is admirably calculated for the post which he is about to occupy.'

Granville Loch, destined to a short and brilliant career and an heroic death in Burma, was also one of the party.

Their final destination was China, where war was going on between the Chinese and the detested foreigner. Mandarin Linn had issued a proclamation offering a reward of 5,000 dollars for taking alive a commanding officer or the

chief commander of a great ship, and one-third for the arrest of a Barbarian officer; but Harry Keppel was not a man to be taken alive, and was soon fighting hammer and tongs with the Chinese forts, which he incontinently destroyed.

Sir Hugh Gough, after their annihilation, landed in his gig, and Keppel saw with horror the results of the bombardment, hundreds of mutilated men and horses, outside the forts, lying unburied in every direction.

It would take a thick volume to describe all the incidents of the passage up the Yangtze-kiang and the performances of the 'Dido'; but on August 29, 1842, peace was proclaimed, and the 'Dido' was sent off to the Straits of Malacca where Keppel became senior officer.

At Penang he had his first experience of riding through the jungle on an elephant, amidst rhinoceroses, tigers, monkeys and parrots; but his chief duties consisted in suppressing piracy, which left him little time for amusement or sport, in which he delighted.

In 1843 Keppel made the acquaintance of Brooke, who had already fulfilled an early ambition in establishing a personal influence

over the various tribes in the Straits Settlements.

It was at Singapore that these two gallant officers met, and rapidly began a friendship which was to last till death.

Keppel, as commander of H.M.S. 'Dido,' took an active part in the suppression of piracy among the Malays and Dyaks of the Sarebas River. It was dangerous work, but it was thoroughly effectual; and in the following year another expedition was formed against the pirates of the Sakarran River, where there was very heavy fighting and some loss of life.

Piracy had long been the curse of all legitimate trade in these parts, and it was arranged with Brooke that the only way of dealing it a blow would be to attack the piratical stronghold in the interior of Borneo itself.

Some of the prahus, of the lightest possible draught, were propelled by as many as 200 paddles, so that in escaping from pursuit they could run into shoal water and the crew could disappear in the impregnable jungle; but the pirates were not clever enough to elude the grasp of their indefatigable enemy.

On Brooke's return to Sarawak he was received with delight by the headmen, and the Malays brought their children to welcome him, which was a great sign of their confidence and trust.

In 1843 the 'Dido,' having completed her work, was recalled to China. As Brooke said: 'Her appearance was the consummation of his enterprise. The work done by her and her gallant Captain was splendid, and Keppel's conciliatory and kind manner was of the greatest use.'

CHAPTER V

In bitter cold, hazy weather in midwinter the 'Dido' arrived at Spithead, and Keppel was looking forward to joining his wife, whom he had not seen for four years, at her father's house, only fourteen miles off, when he got orders to proceed immediately to Sheerness. This was more than human nature could endure, and so his resourceful imagination came to his help for a way out of the difficulty.

To his dismay, the Admiral at Portsmouth, with whom he was dining, said he would send him aboard on his tender, and then the reckless audacity of the man asserted itself.

He found the Master of the 'Dido' who was about his size and build, made him put on his cocked hat, sword and epaulettes, while he donned the Master's oilskin and pea-jacket, accompanied him aboard in the tender, touched his hat to him, and was landed by a waterman at

Gosport, while the Master in disguise took the 'Dido' to Sheerness.

Such a daring bit of foolhardiness makes one shiver, even after the lapse of more than half a century.

It is not difficult on reading of these scrapes to understand the saying of a somewhat severe old admiral, who said, speaking of Harry: 'The bravest man that ever lived, who ought to have been turned out of the Service years ago.'

The following morning Keppel and his wife started off to post to Sheerness, where he changed clothes with the Master, and all was well. The 'Dido' was paid off, the men receiving 4,000*l.* prize money.

His old fondness for the racecourse took him, of course, to Goodwood. His wife was not so much at home in racing circles as he was, and, seeing Lord Albemarle in deep conversation with a lightweight in a blue coat, brass buttons, yellow leathers, and mahogany tops, she inquired whether that was her father-in-law's jockey. 'No,' said Lady Albemarle, 'that is the Duke of Bedford.'

Newmarket succeeded Goodwood, and he

attended the races in good sporting company. His natural taste for the Turf was fostered by Sir Joseph Hawley, 'the lucky baronet,' who had married one of the Miss Crosbies and become Harry's brother-in-law. He was only five years younger than Harry, and after a short career in the Army and as a yachtsman had devoted his time and money to the Turf, where he achieved enormous successes with Teddington, Beadsman, Musjid, Blue Gown, Aphrodite, Mendicant, and Caractacus. Whenever Harry was ashore in the racing season he paid a visit to his kinsman till his death in 1875. Before that he took a great interest in the training of Sir Joseph's fine stud and in their performances.

Admiral Rous, who was his senior by some nine years, had left the Navy in 1836, and was considered one of the finest handicappers in the world.

It is easy to imagine what fun those race-meetings must have been, when the sailor fresh 'from war's alarms,' who had been absent for years, came amongst his old friends again at Goodwood or Newmarket. At one unlucky

meeting, when he had been completely cleaned out, he borrowed a fiver from a friend, saying, 'I always make a point of taking back to my wife part of my winnings.'

'My dear Harry,' said a friend on another disastrous day, 'do you bet on every race?' 'What the devil,' he answered, 'should I come here for unless I did?'

Many are the stories told of George Payne, and his mania for betting on every possible and impossible occasion. The late Lord Wolverton had a fall out hunting and received a slight concussion of the brain. The doctor applied leeches to his temples, and as he was recovering consciousness he heard George Payne betting on which leech would first lay hold of him. He would bet on every race; even on the drops running down a window-pane. Two jockeys were heard discussing his merits. 'He is the best sportsman in England,' said one. 'Why, he'll bet on two marbles rolling down the pavement.' A princely fortune was lost in the pursuit of this amusement.

In the intervals of racing he did not neglect his naval work, but took a house at Greenwich

to study steam, which at that time had not been introduced into the Navy.

Harry's great friend was Mr. Eyre, the clergyman at Larling, near Quidenham, to whom he went for advice in all his scrapes; and these were neither few nor far between.

On one such occasion Mr. Eyre wrote to him saying that he made it a rule never to write letters on a Sunday, but as he had just read in church, in the Gospel of the day, 'If your ox or your ass fall into a pit on the sabbath, do you not straightway pull it out?' he considered himself justified, under the circumstances, in breaking through his rule.

Among the intimate friends of the Crosbie family were Sir Frederick and Lady Roe, whose father was a well-to-do merchant residing in the City.

Lord Albemarle told his son that, on going to the City in a Royal procession, Sir Frederick Roe was so active with his mounted police as to draw the attention of His Majesty, who inquired who he was. Lord Albemarle informed the King that it was Sir Frederick Roe, the head of the police. His Majesty noticed another

officer equally active and very like Sir Frederick. Lord Albemarle informed His Majesty that this was a younger brother, likewise in the police, who helped his brother on these occasions, and that they went by the name of 'Hard' Roe and 'Soft' Roe. This amused His Majesty so much that he wanted to know about the father. This rather puzzled the Master of the Horse, who, having volunteered so much, did not like to plead ignorance, but answered, 'They call him, Sir, Paternoster Roe!'

In the autumn of 1847 Keppel was given the command of the 'Mæander' frigate, fitting at Portsmouth.

When he was in the 'Dido,' in command of the Straits Settlements Station, he had already made the acquaintance of Mr. Brooke, and had formed a high opinion of him. Since the days of their last meeting Brooke had been, unfortunately, involved in financial difficulties, caused by the conduct of an unscrupulous agent, who was engaged with others in promoting an Archipelago Company; he had, however, surmounted his difficulties, and became Governor of Labuan.

In his new command Harry hoped he would again come into contact with his old friend, who in the Burmese war had been shot through the body, and had returned to England for his health. He had now resigned the appointment he had held under the East India Company, and had gone out again on his own account to China.

Sailing in the 'Mæander' up the China Seas, Harry saw, for the first time, the islands of the Asiatic archipelago, islands of vast importance aud unparalleled beauty, lying neglected, and then comparatively unknown.

Those only who have seen what those islands have become will be able to appreciate the value of the service rendered by Harry in suppressing piracy and slavery, in concert with his old friend, who was soon to be known as 'Rajah Brooke.'

CHAPTER VI

In 1848 all seemed to be in a state bordering on anarchy in the Malayan Archipelago. Each petty chief quarrelled with and attacked his weaker neighbours, and they all dreaded onslaughts from powerful pirates who hovered about the coasts. Sir James Brooke, as Her Majesty's Commissioner to the Sultan of Borneo, was Keppel's guest on the 'Mæander,' and together they cruised through the various islands, losing many of the crew from fever, and in brighter moments shooting wild cattle and deer; but the coral reefs and sandbanks made the navigation difficult, and the journey was enlivened not only by such dangers, but by the constant apprehension of treachery from the natives.

Having pulled and poled over a bar, and up a shallow salt-water creek, on the east side of

the bay, a little to the northward of where they were anchored, they landed a small shooting party, and were shown some particularly likely-looking ground, covered with long grass, and intersected in all directions by the fresh tracks of wild cattle. A hog was the result of their sport; but three large deer made their appearance on the edge of the jungle just as the guns had been discharged at the less dignified game.

In December, with the tender 'Jolly Bachelor' in company, they weighed anchor and stood towards the island of Mallewali, and soon entered among the dangers of the Sulu Seas. As far as the eye could reach from the masthead patches of sand and coral banks were visible. But the weather was fine, the water smooth and clear, and with the tender sounding ahead they proceeded, nothing daunted by appearances, for they could always pick their way by daylight and anchor at sunset.

Mallewali itself was surrounded by these coral reefs, and there appeared to be a fine harbour to the eastward, but certainly no safe entrance for a ship the size of the 'Mæander'; but exploring parties were landed, and the island

was well traversed, no traces of inhabitants being seen, and only tracks of big game.

Among the many who succumbed to the attacks of Labuan fever was a young fellow, the finest of the crew, in the prime of life; he had several times rallied, but two days previous to his death he sent to take leave of his Captain, who had for some time been endeavouring to cheer him up; but the surroundings did not tend to joyfulness, for the sick were suspended in cots on both sides of the main deck, and when a death occurred it was difficult to hide from the others what had taken place. This young man was the last of the barge's crew who was taken ill, and had attended most of his shipmates in their attacks of fever. There was a happy expression of countenance and a generosity about this poor fellow that had endeared him to officers and men. He had left the address of his mother, and of a poor young girl to whom he was betrothed. These are the sad necessities of a sailor's life; but Providence seems to have endowed them with specially recuperative powers, helped by constant change of scene and plenty of occupation.

Dollars not being a current medium of exchange in most of these islands, glass beads, looking-glasses, coloured cottons, empty bottles, midshipmen's buttons, etc., served as means of barter for chickens and fruit. Great trouble was taken to keep the crew as much on fresh meat as possible. The purser and interpreter, with a party of officers, usually went in a boat to obtain supplies, once communicating with a house which appeared in passing, from the size and plantations round it, as probably belonging to some chief, by whose assistance it was hoped to get a supply of cattle. They were received with the utmost courtesy by an old Malay and his family—a gentleman polite, easy, and dignified, who at once made arrangements for an interview on the following morning with the chief of the district.

Landing from their boats, they were met by their friend of the preceding evening; but soon after came the chief, accompanied by parties of well-armed, rascally-looking thieves. The 'Mæander' party were unarmed, except with Keppel's shot-gun, and their only safety lay in the ever-present resource of English sailors—

a fearless demeanour--under cover of which they regained their ship and resumed their cruise through islands of tropical beauty and warmth; but malarial fever was ever with them, from which Keppel and Sir James Brooke happily escaped.

After seeing various races and groups of savage and picturesque-looking men, mounted on strong-built horses of Spanish breed, the day came when Sir James Brooke was to have his formal interview with the Sultan of Sulu.

Landing in full uniform, they found the royal residence heavily fortified, and surrounded with a solid wall fifteen feet high, with embrasures for cannon, and a large court, in which were assembled about two thousand men, all armed with the kris, which is to them what the sword was to an English gentleman in the Middle Ages.

Sir James was a man whose name was already celebrated among the dusky potentates of the Eastern Archipelago, and as they were ushered into the royal presence they saw above the table at the upper end of the room a brilliant semicircle of high personages around the Sultan,

a young man evidently given to opium—his lips red with a mixture of betel-nut and siri leaves—dressed in rich red and green silks which would have driven crazy a fashionable decorator in Bond Street. A large jewel sparkled in his turban, and in his hand was a magnificent kris. The entire Court was dressed in rich-coloured brocades and silks, and many of the guard wore ancient chain armour, covering the arms, and reaching from throat to knee, their heads protected by skull-caps to match. Those armed with sword, spear and kris did not look amiss; but two sentries, placed to guard the entrance to this ancient hall of audience, each shouldering a shabby-looking old Tower musket, of which they seemed very proud, had an absurd effect.

Although no actual treaty was concluded, Sir James Brooke paved the way for opening up commerce and for cultivating a better understanding with the natives. Mr. Windham had been trying to persuade the Sulus to hoist the St. George's Cross in their trading prahus, as a badge of peaceful mercantile occupation, by which they might be known to our cruisers, but these suggestions were not adopted.

Cruising through numerous islands adorned with tropical vegetation, the 'Mæander' saluted the Spanish flag at the southernmost part of the Philippines, where her officers prepared for every amusement that came their way—attended the balls of the Governor, where the proud Spanish dames met in the same ballroom the pretty half-caste women who during the morning were engaged in washing clothes or retailing eggs and poultry in the market-place.

At Singapore the difficulty of getting coal was very great, and Keppel wrote to the Admiralty saying he had made a personal inspection of the new harbour there, which was admirably adapted for a coal depôt. At the end of seven months' silence he sent his survey to the P. and O. Co., and they by return mail took possession of the harbour, which would have been worth half a million to the nation.

Keppel was here much surprised at the systematic protection to commerce afforded by the Spanish and Dutch Governments, who had stamped out piracy on their seas, and was forced to admit their methods to be superior to ours, which were far too spasmodic. The scenery of

the Philippines has been described so often since the days of the 'Mæander's' visit that nothing remains to be said, except that, like everything else, the sailors enjoyed it to the full and regretted their departure for Hong Kong, where they arrived in April 1849.

Shortly afterwards Keppel was called upon to decide on a question of international law, and his solution of it is so characteristic that it should be given in his own words:

'Having fired the usual salute on arrival at Macao, I proceeded with Captain Troubridge on the following morning to pay our respects to the Governor, Don Joao Maria Farriera do Amaral.

'I may here mention he was a captain in the Portuguese Navy, a gallant and distinguished officer. He lost his right arm by a cannon-shot, when eighteen years of age, leading a storming party at Itaparica, in Brazil. He had served also in the fleet of Don Pedro, under Sir Charles Napier, and spoke and understood English as well as we did.

'Don Joao received us most cordially, and in the course of conversation said he had broken through a rule by accepting an invitation to

dine with Mr. Forbes (an American gentleman, to whom we were likewise engaged), as he would not forego the pleasure of meeting his brother-officers.

'Taking our leave, we proceeded to the room in which we were to arrange the starting of the vessels for the cup in a regatta which was about to take place.

'At the door I was met by Captain Staveley, Military Secretary to his father, General Staveley, C.B., commanding at Hong Kong, requesting my assistance in getting a gentleman released who had been imprisoned the previous evening, he believed, for not saluting the "Host" during a procession on the Feast of Corpus Christi. I immediately expressed my willingness to apply to the Governor, remarking that he was a very good fellow, and I was sure would not hesitate to comply with my request.

'Accordingly, Troubridge and myself, accompanied by Captain Staveley, returned to the Government House. Without waiting to be announced, we proceeded at once to the apartment in which we had just before left Señor Amaral, and we found him seated with the

French Chargé d'Affaires, M. le Baron de Forth Rouen.

'I apologised for the intrusion. His Excellency, rising, accompanied me to one of the windows. I then stated that I was come to ask a favour—that he would be so kind as to give an order for the release of a Mr. Summers, who, it appeared, had been confined in the common prison all night for not saluting the "Host." I concluded by remarking that in all probability His Excellency had heard nothing of the business.

'To this he sharply replied that not only did he know all about it, but that the person in question had been confined by his order.

'I then remarked to His Excellency that the punishment (Mr. Summers had been confined in the common gaol without food since five o'clock the previous afternoon) had surely been equal to the offence, and I again expressed a hope that the Governor would order his release.

'On this he stated that Mr. Summers was sent to prison, not for any disrespect to the "Host," "for which he [the Governor] cared,

perhaps, as little as I did," but for disobeying his order.

'I inquired, "What order?"

'He replied, "The order I gave him to take his hat off."

'I then said, "Do I understand Your Excellency rightly, that you could order any person you chose to take off his hat in the open streets?" To this he replied, "Exactly so."

'I then said that this altered the case, and that I must now request the immediate liberation of Mr. Summers, as I could not consider the alleged offence for which he was imprisoned was any crime at all. I further added that I could hardly believe what I had heard now, that in the nineteenth century, the Governor of a Portuguese settlement should assert that he had imprisoned a British subject for refusing to take his hat off in the open streets when ordered by him, through a soldier, to do so.

'The Governor replied that I was not acquainted with Portuguese law.

'I said, "Very likely not, but I know what common justice is," and having bowed, retired.

'When I had got halfway down the steps

the Governor, calling me by my name, asked if I came to demand Mr. Summers's liberation as a right or to ask it as a favour.

'I replied, that while I believed Mr. Summers had neglected to take off his hat, as was customary, on the passing of one of the religious ceremonies of the country, I had asked it as a personal favour; but since His Excellency had explained that Mr. Summers was confined for what I conceived to be no crime at all, I really could not, in the position I then occupied, ask for his liberation as a favour.

'After this unexpected termination to our interview we retired to the residence of my friend, Mr. Patrick Stewart, situated within a few doors of Government House, to consider with Captain Troubridge what steps should next be taken.

'I felt it my duty to demand in writing the immediate release of Mr. Summers. Considering, however, the warm temperament of Señor do Amaral, and the bearing towards me which he had already assumed, I could scarcely augur for the more formal application that success which had been denied to my friendly intercession.

I thought it advisable, therefore, to make the necessary arrangements in anticipation of denial. Owing to the shoalness of the water, no ship of any size could anchor within three miles of the landing-place. The boats of the squadron were preparing to pull at the regatta. I sent a gig off to the first lieutenant of the "Mæander," with an order to him to make the signal, "Prepare to land boats for service."

'Captain Staveley, in the meantime, undertook to make himself acquainted, without exciting suspicion, with the position and state of the prison, the route to it, and how it was guarded, &c. To effect this he assumed a white jacket, the usual costume of mercantile gentlemen; and, taking with him a basket of fruit, he walked up, and obtained an interview with the prisoner, returning with the information we required.

'I wrote and sent off by Captain Troubridge an official letter to the Governor, demanding, as senior naval officer, the immediate release of Summers. To this he replied, saying he considered himself within his right in ordering the man to take his hat off, and waiving the religious aspect of the offence.

'To dance attendance beyond this point on Portuguese justice at Macao seemed to me unworthy of my position and hopeless as to the object. I was referred to the judge, who, in his turn, would have referred me back to the Governor, whose tool he was, and with whom alone I could properly hold official intercourse. In the meantime Mr. Summers must lie in prison awaiting the "course of law," which had before now left British subjects to die incarcerated in this very prison. Accordingly, I decided on liberating him at once.

'To do so with the least possible risk of a disastrous incident was now the great object. A second boat was despatched to the "Mæander," with directions that the signal should be made, "Boats to land immediately." I went on board the "Canton" steamer, which was moored off the town, and took my place as umpire at the regatta, which was about to commence. We started the sailing boats, and shortly afterwards, observing some of the boats on their way to the shore in obedience to signal, I excused myself for a few minutes and again landed.

'The first boat to arrive was the "Mæander's"

barge, commanded by Mr. Burnaby, with a crew of twelve blue-jackets and six Marines. I asked Staveley whether he thought he could, by a *coup de main*, release Mr. Summers with that one boat's crew. To this he gallantly replied that he had no objection to try, stipulating only, like a good general, that I should secure his retreat. Upon this I requested Burnaby, who had charge of the barge's crew, to attend to his wishes.

'Staveley and his party passed quickly through a house which had a back entrance to the Senate Square, and so to the street in which the prison stood. The cutter from the "Mæander" arriving next, I directed its crew to take charge of the house through which Captain Staveley had passed, placing sentries at each door. The third boat had just arrived, when my attention was attracted towards Senate Square by the report of musketry.

'Leaving orders with the officer in charge of the landing-place to pay *every attention* to His Excellency should he land before my return (which was not improbable, since he must have seen all that was going on from on board the

"Plymouth"), I was hastening to the scene of action, when I met Captain Staveley, walking down arm-in-arm with Mr. Summers, the rear brought up by the barge's crew. I immediately sent to stop the disembarkation of any more men.

'The whole business, from the landing of the barge's crew until their return to the boat with Mr. Summers, did not occupy a quarter of an hour. The arms from the launch and barge were transferred to the pinnace, and the boats, with the exception of those which were to pull for the prizes, were ordered back to their respective ships.

'I returned to the "Canton" and had the pleasure of seeing the two best prizes won by the launch and barge of the "Mæander."

'I learned from Staveley that his party had to cross the Square to get to the street in which the prison was situated. On the left side of the square was the entrance to the arsenal, near which was a battery of four field pieces with a guard. When abreast of this battery, Staveley directed Burnaby, with the blue-jackets, to possess themselves of the guns and remain there until

his return, he proceeding with the marines to the prison. The sentry at the prison presented his musket at Staveley, upon which the corporal of marines wounded him in the arm, causing him to drop his musket. This proved to be superfluous, as the musket was found to be unloaded. The gaoler dropping his bunch of keys, and the guard having vanished, the liberation of Mr. Summers was the work of a few seconds.

'I am sorry, however, to add that this object was not effected without one serious casualty: a Portuguese soldier was killed by a musket shot, whether from the weapon of his countrymen we could not determine; the victim was said to have been unarmed.

'Captain Staveley, in his official report, stated that some shots were exchanged between our men and the Portuguese, the latter firing into the Square from the windows of the barracks, in which way they probably killed their own comrade; but the point is not worth discussing, as it could neither lessen nor increase my responsibility.'

Keppel sums up with sailor-like brevity the result of his interpretation of international law in these words:

'For this I was reprimanded by the Admiralty and thanked by Lord Palmerston.'

CHAPTER VII

During an interesting visit to Botany Bay, then a convict establishment, Keppel's boat was upset, and a convict rushed into the surf to rescue him. By one of those strange and so-called chance coincidences, which are always perplexing and baffling us, the man turned out to have been his father's servant at Newmarket, and recognised him at once. Keppel offered him three guineas, which were declined with courtesy, they being, as he said, of no use to him there.

Shortly before entering the harbour, late in the afternoon, a sail was reported, which they made out, from the round sort of baskets at the fore- and main-topmast heads, to be a whaler; she had boats in the water, and on approaching her she hoisted American colours. Her captain came on board—a respectable-looking old salt,

with grey hair. Keppel at once invited him to his cabin, where, with accompaniments of Manilla cheroots and Jamaica rum, they had an agreeable chat. Keppel told him that the 'Mæander' had been six months without European news, on which the captain 'guessed' that he must be aware of the war between France and England. He evidently noticed Keppel's astonishment, and added that the French Admiral was at sea, looking for the English fleet, so he had better keep his eyes open. They shook hands, and so parted. Keppel immediately invited the first lieutenant to consult him on the important news they had received, and it was decided that they would load every gun with round shot, grape, and canister, to be prepared for meeting the French ships. Soon after daylight they were off the harbour of Tahiti, and at about seven the English pilot, accompanied by a French officer, came aboard and undertook the steerage. Keppel at once saw that his American guest had taken him in; but he was so interested in the navigation between coral banks, the beauty of the harbour, the merchant ships—two fine

frigates, with sundry craft—that he quite forgot that his guns were loaded, so he had his gig manned, and directed Bowyear, his first lieutenant, to salute the Admiral's flag, and when he saw him leaving to salute the Governor and French flag.

The first lieutenant replied: 'You forget, sir, that we have round shot, grape, and canister in every gun. I have nothing but this scoop to draw them, nor can we get outside against the sea breeze to empty them. I could not fire a pistol here without hitting someone.'

This was embarrassing. Keppel had, however, to call on the Governor, and when he got alongside the flagship an officer informed him that he would find him at the Government House, where on landing he was received by His Excellency in full dress, a guard of honour with band playing our National Air, and all officers attending. He never felt so guilty or so small.

M. Bonard, Capitaine de Vaisseau and Commodore, who was also Governor and Naval Commander-in-Chief, gave him a kindly welcome

and took him to his house, where, he said, luncheon would be getting cold.

They all understood or spoke English. The luncheon was excellent, the wine first-rate, and the time passed pleasantly enough. After a while the Governor drew his chair near, and, without alluding to his not having fired the usual salutes, stated that they were six months without news from Europe, and that if ever so small a yacht or strange fishing vessel even hove in sight it caused excitement. 'So,' he said, 'you may imagine the joy the appearance of a British frigate produced.' He added, before Keppel could begin his explanation, 'Every five minutes I am receiving reports of the withdrawal of round shot, grape, and canister from every gun in your frigate.' Keppel then explained his interview with the master of the American whaler, and how he had been deceived by his cock and bull story.

Every one of the gallant French captains rose without a moment's hesitation, and shook him by the hand, expressing a hope that under similar circumstances their officers would have done the same! In due time the salutes were

fired and returned, and they mixed as one family. He had ever found French naval officers perfect gentlemen.

At Tahiti Queen Pomare was entertained with Royal honours on board the frigate 'Mæander,' which appeared to give Her Majesty great pleasure.

In July 1851 Keppel paid off the 'Mæander' at Chatham. 'Sad,' he says, 'to think that out of a crew of 360 fine fellows only 150 are left!'

Brierley, the marine artist, so well known to sailors, whom Keppel had picked up in Australia, had been his guest a long time, and at the paying off Keppel asked him what he was going to do. 'I do not know,' he said, 'for I have not a penny in the world and have no home to go to.' 'Dear boy,' said Keppel, 'take my quarterly pay bill,' and, despite the artist's remonstrances, he insisted on his accepting it.

On his return his interviews at the Admiralty, I am sure, were very different from those accorded to most officers. His personality and charm of character impressed themselves on all those with whom he came in contact, whether

afloat or ashore. After a conversation with Admiral Deans Dundas, he was ushered by him into the First Lord's room. Opening the First Lord's door, the Admiral said: 'Here's this fellow Keppel; I can do nothing with him.' Sir Francis Baring asked him what he could do for him at the Admiralty. With his usual generosity Keppel answered: 'If you'll promote my first lieutenant I won't care a straw for anything else'—and I do not think 'straw' was the word he used.

For a time he lived in the Ranger's Lodge in Hyde Park, lent to him by his brother-in-law, Henry Stephenson. His friendship with his other brother-in-law, Sir Joseph Hawley, brought him into contact with Admiral Rous and other patrons of the racing world, whose friendship he enjoyed to the day of his death. Hunting one day with the Pytchley, as he was galloping at a gate, a burly farmer cannoned him against a post, over which he got a nasty fall, and he was ever after known in the hunting field by the name of 'The Post Captain.' But these were only short-lived episodes in his career.

As early as 1852 I first made acquaintance

with Harry Keppel, when I was a junior clerk in the Admiralty, where he was always welcome, being as popular ashore as he was afloat.

In May 1853, Sir Baldwin Walker, the Comptroller of the Navy, had constructed a new type of ship, and was allowed to nominate her captain. To him Keppel was indebted for his appointment to the 'St. Jean d'Acre,' then fitting at Devonport. On his arrival there, in plain clothes, he saw a young midshipman, and asked his name, which was De Crespigny ; to whom he went up, holding out his hand, and saying, 'I knew your father.' 'You have the advantage of me, sir,' said the young midshipman, putting his hands behind his back. 'Ah ! no doubt,' said Harry ; 'I am only the captain of the ship.'

His new ship was 3,400 tons, mounting 101 guns, and a crew of 900. Troublous times were not far off. But yet there were some happy days before the angry murmurings from the East broke into utterance.

At Madeira the 'St. Jean d'Acre' found some friends, among them Sir Frederick Grey. Here, on Saturdays, the poor invalid ladies would come on board in charge of their doctors, and find

music and willing partners. It was pitiable to see the pretty girls, with that sad hectic flush on the cheek, pleading with their doctors for 'one, only one' quadrille, and to hear the doctors reminding their patients of the one month, or so many weeks, they had to live, and that each dance would shorten life so many days. Most of the poor girls preferred the dance.

On one of his expeditions, while dredging for shells—for he was a great conchologist—Captain Grey, who was spying his boat, saw her disappear behind the surf, and concluded she was swamped. He immediately wrote to the Admiralty, explaining Keppel's loss and applying for the vacant command of the 'St. Jean d'Acre.' How like human nature is all over the world! 'Your poor friend is dead!' says a man coming into a club; 'how sad! Who will get his place?'

In the spring of 1854 the troublous times had come, and war was declared with Russia. The Fleet was assembled at Spithead for Her Majesty's inspection, previous to its departure for the Baltic. In April the Commander-in-Chief, having already made himself ridiculous

in London by his bombastic utterances at the Reform Club, issued the following signal :—

'Lads! war is declared, with a bold and numerous enemy to meet.

'Should they offer us battle you know how to dispose of them.

'Should they remain in port we must try to get at them.

'Success depends on the precision and quickness of your firing.

'Lads! sharpen your cutlasses, and the day is your own!'

There was little love lost between Keppel, the man of action, and Napier, the man of words, whom Sir James Graham described as one who had made himself a hero, and whom he would not make a martyr. And Keppel, I fear, used some unparliamentary language when, in July 1854, Sir Charles Napier scouted his proposal to tow Captain Seymour's ship, the 'Cumberland,' and with the two ships force an entrance into Sveaborg, 'where, even if they were sunk,' he said, 'they would bar the exit of the Russian squadron and prevent their joining the rest of the Fleet at Cronstadt.' It is fifty years since,

and such questions have been revived at Port Arthur.

Lord William Seymour, then a midshipman, now a distinguished soldier, tells me that he well remembers 'Old Harry's' denunciations of 'Charlie Napier' for not smiling on his proposal; but after seven years, he says, 'When looking at these two places from the deck of a peaceful yacht, I could not but feel vividly grateful to old Charlie for his reluctance to assent to a proposal that would certainly have destroyed the two finest ships in the Baltic Fleet.' Keppel, Lord Clarence Paget, and Captain Elliot were called in the Baltic 'the three mutineers,' because they were supposed to have spoken strongly to the Commander-in-Chief about his neglecting to attack Helsingfors or Cronstadt. Sir Charles Napier showed his spite against Keppel by giving him all the dirty work and hard jobs that had to be done.

Once in the Baltic Keppel and Clarence Paget tried in Lord Lichfield's yacht to get as near to Cronstadt as they could. When inside the Tolbeacon they observed a large Russian steamer steering for them, but the sight of

our cruisers soon sent them inside their defences.

The bombardment of Bomarsund was an easy affair, and was summed up by Keppel, fretting for action: 'We had nothing to do, and we did it.' In the evening, however, Sir Charles Napier said to Captain Scott: 'That was a dom'd fine thing of the frigate's this morning.' 'Why,' said Scott, 'Keppel, who had visited it, reported there was no one in the fort.' 'Who has been telling you a dom'd lie?' replied the Commander-in-Chief; 'Chads, from the masthead, saw at least 500 soldiers rush out.'

On August 13, 1854, the Russian forts in the Aland Islands, at the entrance of the Gulf of Bothnia, were besieged by a mixed force of French soldiers under the command of General (afterwards Marshal) Baraquay d'Hilliers, and English seamen and Marines, with a detachment of Royal Engineers, under General Sir Harry Jones, of San Sebastian fame, subsequently commanding the Royal Engineers in the Crimea.

Lord William Seymour says: 'Some of the captains of the English fleet had come up from Ledsund, where their ships of deep draught

were lying, in order to see the only fighting that seemed likely to take place with the Baltic Fleet under Admiral Sir Charles Napier. Amongst these captains were Harry Keppel, Clarence Paget, and Henry Seymour.

'After a pretty sharp engagement between the artillery on each side, about 3 P.M. a white flag appeared from one of the portholes in Fort Izie. An instant rush from the advanced batteries of both English and French took place, led, if I remember right, by Harry Keppel, for about eight or nine hundred yards, up to the foot of the breach in the fort made by the allied guns, which, however, to our dismay, we found manned by three tiers of Russian bayonets, quite forbidding anything like an entrance to the fort on the part of, what we really were, an unarmed mob! A Russian officer put his head out of an upper embrasure, and in good French informed us that the white flag shown at the other side of the fort was unauthorised by him, but that he would give us a few minutes to regain cover. Upon which Captain Keppel, who was well known to many of those present as an ideal of courage in the Royal Navy, exclaimed: "Nothing for us, boys, but to

bolt"; and run we did, over rocks and boulders, till we regained the friendly cover of the advanced trench, the Russian officer in the most gentlemanlike manner not reopening fire till we had all disappeared. A few hours afterwards, however, the Russian flag on the fort was hoisted, and then hauled down, and we all ran up to receive the fruits of victory, in this instance quite secured.

'I think it was Sir Harry Jones who told the Russian Commander that the incident of the morning redounded to his credit as "a brave man and a gentleman!" So thought all of us in our sound skins; and our gallant leader, Harry Keppel, was spared to gain his renowned laurels in the Crimea, and especially on the Canton River in China.'

Had this question of a white flag, exhibited on only a portion of the defence, been properly understood by our officers in South Africa, some serious instances of mistaken capitulation might have been avoided.

'Harry's life,' Lord William continues, 'was saved by a dream when in Sir Harry Jones's camp at Bomarsund. A brother-officer—I think

it was Cameron Wrottesley, who was himself killed two days after—said one morning that he had, in his sleep, seen a shell explode in the middle of the tent where Keppel was sleeping. We cleared out, and, sure enough, the next morning a Russian shell lighted just on what had been the site of the tent.'

CHAPTER VIII

In November the somewhat inglorious campaign in the Baltic came to an end, and the 'St. Jean d'Acre,' with her 'jolly, cheerful skipper,' as Clarence Paget called his brother-officer, returned to Plymouth. Before December was over he was ordered to prepare for reception of troops and proceed to the Crimea.

It was a bitter winter, but all on board the 'St. Jean d'Acre' were determined to make the best of the situation, the cheery Irish recruits eating half a ton of raw turnips intended for the sheep. It was not many days before they were off the entrance of the Straits of Gibraltar, with a strong easterly wind and the usual inrush of sea. As it was about dinner-time, Keppel had sails furled, and left the Master to steer by the well-lighted Spanish coast. When

the Captain came on the poop-deck, shortly followed by his guests, a bright light, broad on the port bow, made him inquire of the Master what it was. He said it was Tarifa Point. Having ascertained the bearings, Keppel saw at once that it must be Europa Point, some twenty miles in advance, and ordered, 'Starboard the helm.'

Twenty years had elapsed since, when in command of the 'Childers' brig, he had made almost monthly visits to meet the English mail at Gibraltar. His poor nervous Master, who could not have reckoned on the rush of sea into the Mediterranean, exclaimed, before his generals and other guests: 'You forget, sir, that you have on board 1,200 men, in addition to the ship's company.' Keppel at once ordered him to his cabin under arrest! In a few minutes they had the full blaze of lights on the Rock itself; the harbour was a mass of shipping. They could only obtain proper anchorage by passing under the stern of the largest transport he could find. They had, fortunately, there about the most promising of young captains, George Grey, in charge of the dockyard. His

perfect arrangements for coaling made the work easy.

On arrival at the snowclad Balaclava the first person who came up was a long soldier, without coat or jacket, braces hanging down his back, carrying a bucket of water in one hand and lugging a goat up with the other. He said, 'How are you, Keppel?' He replied, 'All right, thanks,' and passed on. On arriving at the Guards' ground, the first person he saw standing at his tent door was Mark Wood. While chatting the soldier with braces down passed. He asked, 'Who is that soldier? he seems to know me.' Wood said, 'Of course he does; that is Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar.'

He found Sir Colin Campbell on the high ground, his jacket flying open as if it were summer. Their meeting was cordial. He was asked whether he would have his Southdown cut up or whole. He preferred it home fashion, with the saddle.

Talking to Sir Colin Campbell about the disastrous charge at Balaclava, Keppel asked 'whether it was true he had refused to form square to resist the Russian cavalry at Bala-

clava. He said a double line of Highlanders was enough, and, if I did not mind the snow, he would show me the Russian horses. Seeing the carcases lying in the snow, I remarked I was not aware that the Russians docked their horses so close. He said it was done by the French, who took the tails to make oxtail soup with.'

When he got down he was anxious to write his name in Lord Raglan's book, and inquired his way to headquarters. A soldier informed him that at the next bend on the right he would find 'a dead horse, and a nasty stink on the left. The same all the way up.' As 'all the way up' was four miles, he preferred returning to the ship.

He was flattered to find his generals preferred sleeping on board; however, hearing heavy firing in the night, they landed, prepared to fight. Captain Wenny Coke was amused when he found the generals went off so suddenly; he said if they had only awakened him he could have informed them the same thing happened every night. On Harry's visiting the post-office he observed in one corner an ominous-looking bag, which appeared full, marked 'Dead,' which was not exhilarating.

The troops, both officers and men, formed a motley mixture. It was difficult to recognise anyone by his dress. They had, when too late, warm clothing, fur caps, sheepskin coats, and brown boots. There was a sharp frost, with cold, cutting wind, it having snowed hard during the night. Lord Rokeby in his canvas bag, his moustache frozen white, looked splendid.

It is sad and profitless to reopen the sores of the early Crimean campaign, redeemed not only by gallantry but by uncomplaining patience. Always the old, old story : ' unpreparedness ' then, 'unpreparedness' now. When shall we profit by the experience of the past? and why should we expect to? Do we as individuals, any of us, profit by the experiences of those who have gone before? How different the world would have been, and would be, if we had! Half the bitter sorrows, half the constantly recurring follies, would have been obviated.

During the early part of 1855 Keppel had only to look after his ship, where there was much small-pox, and to visit his friends ashore, for our Navy was of necessity inactive during that period. Those on board the fleet had sadly

to watch the shells bursting over the doomed fortress of Sevastopol. Higher up they could see the famous Round Tower and the Mamelon keeping up a desperate fire on Gordon's and Chapman's batteries. The concussion of the guns could be felt on board ship, where the sailors were deploring their sad position of waiting.

But soon came the time for more active work. A Naval Brigade being formed in July, the reader can easily imagine that in it Harry Keppel was a presiding spirit, and on July 19 he was appointed to the command of it, with Prince Victor of Hohenlohe as his A.D.C.

Queen Victoria, on Harry's appointment to the 'St. Jean d'Acre,' had sent for him, and told him that Prince Victor of Hohenlohe was to be appointed to his ship, and that he was more to her than a nephew; she therefore enjoined upon him to take great care of him. 'I do assure your Majesty I will take care of him, and that I will obey your Majesty's command, and the Prince shall always go where I go.' Shortly afterwards Harry met Lord Sydney in fits of laughter, saying, 'You have made a nice mess of your inter-

view with the Queen. Of course Her Majesty knows what a rash fellow you are, and how you are always running into danger, and you have promised Her Majesty that you will always take Prince Victor with you.' But Prince Victor wanted no taking; never were there two more kindred spirits associated in a common object.

On one occasion the young Prince, during an artillery duel between his battery and the Redan, saw a young Russian officer spring on the parapet of his outworks in order better to observe the effects of his fire; Prince Victor thereupon laid a gun for him, and very nearly bowled him over. With a chivalry that well became him he thought it would only be fair to give the Russian a chance, so he jumped on the parapet, took off his cap, and bowed to him; the latter entered into the spirit of the game, and had a shot at him, which fortunately missed. Once again did each of the combatants offer himself as a target, after which they both were ordered by their commanding officers to desist from their Quixotic contest.

Curiously enough, the two met each other long after at a dinner party, in more peaceful

times, and on comparing notes about the war found that their acquaintance had begun in very different circumstances.

Victor Hugo, speaking of this, said: 'Ce n'était qu'un gaillard comme le Prince de Hohenlohe qui aurait osé exécuter une tâche aussi dangereuse.'

Throughout his command of the Naval Brigade, which contributed so largely to the downfall of Sevastopol, Keppel exhibited a cool courage which even among courageous men was remarkable. A perhaps too reckless exposure of himself was redeemed by the inspiring audacity of his presence at all times and in all places. When shells were flying about, it was the habit of the blue-jackets to shout, so that they might lie down till the danger was over. Harry, whose spirits rose when danger was at its height, once seized a heavy clod of earth and hurled it on the back of one of his officers, who thought he was killed, to the great amusement of his comrades.

His visits to the hospital and his cheering words encouraged many a poor wounded and suffering hero. Some of his experiences, if not

too sad, would be amusing. One poor fellow he saw carving a heart on a ring, part of his own thigh bone, to 'send to his girl.' Another was sewing the sides of his hat into the shape of a Greenwich pensioner's, and hanging a curtain that went round his screen to look like a long-tailed coat. Poor fellow! I trust he lived to fulfil his ambition of a berth in Greenwich Hospital!

Notices were daily sent to the Naval Brigade announcing attacks, which were long in coming, though they came at last.

Keppel's diaries of these times, after an interval of thirty years, bring back to my memory many, many names of gallant friends, how few of whom remain!

He must have seen more of the proceedings during the siege than anyone. Mounted on 'Vladimir,' a horse captured at Balaclava, he accompanied Prince Victor to the battle of the Tchernaya, passing through all the horrors of a battlefield, where the dead and the dying lay mingled in the agony of life or the peace of death. One young Russian officer he saw still alive, with his jaw shot away. 'Il ne mange plus,' said a cynical Frenchman as he passed;

but if battle does not make men cynical, it does render them callous to the common lot.

One day, when inspecting his batteries, Keppel found that 'the ball had opened,' and tried to impress on his men the folly of unnecessarily exposing themselves; but if they had enjoyed a classical education, they must have thought of the Gracchi complaining of sedition.

The Russian rifle fire was getting painfully accurate, and it was only some special interposition of Providence that protected Keppel from their bullets. Yet through it all our sailors amused themselves, sometimes by songs, and by acting burlesques in the open air. The Brigade in the moonlight of September 8 were soon playing on another stage. Muskets in hand, they were every moment expecting a call in support of the French, whose attack had been on the Malakoff, which was carried early on the morning of that day.

Our attack on the Redan, as we all know, was less fortunate. The Naval Brigade had been ordered to carry scaling ladders with them, but directly they observed the slope of the Redan fortification they proposed to discard them as

useless. The blue-jackets rushed on in impetuous haste, but orders were given to cease firing; Keppel, seeing our soldiers mowed down by grape shot, refused, as other great men have done before, to obey them.

During that terrible repulse Keppel, the bravest of the brave, was filled with a noble admiration of the courage of one of his oldest friends, General Windham, who, disapproving of the attack, its time, and its method, was yet the first in the work, and after his three messengers had been disabled had the *moral* courage to go back himself and solicit reinforcements.

In the following night it was found that the Redan, over which so much blood had been shed, was evacuated, and early on the morning of September 9 Keppel visited Sir Colin Campbell, and heard that a few Highlanders had during the night crept into the Redan and found it deserted. On Sir Colin's invitation they rode together into the fort by the salient angle. Horrors met them at every step. In two cases they saw faithful but half-starved dogs sitting by bodies, from which no coaxing could draw them. In a small hut, on a table, leaning

against the wall, was a Russian officer, looking smart in his uniform, but dead. In the higher part there were excavations and wires for explosion. Sevastopol had been evacuated during the night, the magazines blown up; the town was blazing, some of the ships sunk, while others were on fire.

The Russians had put themselves on the safe side of the harbour by blowing up the east end of the floating bridge. Strolling about, Keppel found himself close to the ground floor of a hospital. On entering it he was between two long rows of Russian soldiers, dead and dying, on broad wooden stretchers. It would be impossible to describe the scenes he saw, but each body was in a position as if trying to escape. At the farther end was a young English officer in uniform, who said he had been expecting us some time; he was wandering in his mind. A flag of truce was hoisted about noon. The Russians sent steamers to remove their dead and dying. One, the 'Vladimir,' was commanded by Captain Etholin, who had done a gallant thing, earlier in the war, by capturing and taking into the harbour an English trans-

port that had grounded, in sight of our combined fleets. Keppel moved three guns down to the edge of the harbour, and when the Russian steamers had landed their dead and dying and returned to their moorings, in front of which they stood in a sort of hostile parade, one of the three Naval Brigade guns went off and smashed the 'Vladimir's' quarter boat. That same night our sailors were building a screen, from behind which they could defeat any attempt at landing to interfere with the orders of the newly appointed Governor, Charles Windham. At midnight, superintending the work, Keppel observed the 'Vladimir' make a move in his direction. Not a sound was heard, but when she got near mid-channel she stopped and gradually turned with her head up the harbour. When broadside on, orders were given to lie down behind our newly made screen; whereupon the 'Vladimir' was sunk at the bottom of the harbour, leaving nothing but the upper masts. It was from the foremast of that ship that all communications had been made.

The inspection of the evacuated forts showed how destructive had been the fire of our batteries

and how great a share the Naval Brigade had in the fall of Sevastopol. It is an immense place, but there was not a spot where our shot had not penetrated. It was a sad spectacle. So precipitate had been the Russian retreat that they had cut off the communication by their bridge and left some 2,000 wounded in barracks. The mastheads of their line-of-battle ships and the still smoking ruins of their public buildings gave rise to hopes that this would bring the war to a conclusion.

The work of the Naval Brigade came to an end with the fall of Sevastopol, but the breaking up for embarkation of the Brigade was a curious scene. First started off 160 mules with baggage, etc. Then came the men, arranged in three divisions, according to their destinations. Keppel went to the 'Rodney' at Kazatch, and the officers to the different ships at Balaclava. Two regiments kindly sent their bands: the 14th, in which his brother was at Waterloo, and the 18th Royal Irish theirs. The Naval Brigade went with flags of all descriptions flying and no end of cheering—with 'One more for Captain *Kaple*.'

The more he visited the Russian works and town of Sevastopol, the more wonderful did everything connected with the siege appear. One hardly knew which was the more extraordinary—the utter destruction of every building in the town by shot and shell, or the stupendous works erected by the Russians for their defence. The Redan and Malakoff were nothing compared to the Flagstaff and Garden Batteries. The latter were impregnable, and might have held out any length of time. The Malakoff and Mamelon were taken by surprise by the French. Of all, the Redan appeared the least difficult to assault—but that is a subject we all now try to forget.

On November 15 a fearful explosion took place, between 3 and 4 p.m., in the French Artillery Park, near the Mill. Keppel rode over to the scene of the disaster, and saw loaded shells bursting and the contents flying in a horizontal direction about seven feet from the ground, killing almost every horse that was on its legs. It being the dinner-hour most of the officers escaped. There was a large windmill used as a powder magazine, and it was a sight to see the gallant

Engineers mounting ladders with wet blankets to nail on the outside of the mill, so as to prevent falling fire igniting the powder stored in it. Keppel says he got so excited that he found himself letting go the reins to clasp his hands over his cap, as if that could preserve his head from falling fragments of shell. It is fortunate that the first horizontal explosion took place while the officers were dining. He was still looking on when a working party of the 18th Royal Irish came rushing up and formed. He asked the sergeant what they were waiting for. He answered: 'Orders.' Keppel said: 'That was not your form when we were in China, and danger in sight.' They were off at once, officers and all, into the igniting shells. Nearly the last wounded he saw was a young officer, whose name was Dashwood, carried on a stretcher, the boots on his legs heels uppermost—a more painful sight than any fight. Thirty tons of powder lately arrived from Europe were destroyed.

And now the campaign was over and the 'St. Jean d'Acre' was ordered home. At sea or on land Keppel was a man, as more than one

officer has told me, who always attracted people to him. The 'St. Jean d'Acre' was exceptional among battle-ships for the absence of flogging, which was then common. Although a strict disciplinarian, he disliked time being wasted on what sailors called 'spit and polish,' and never would have bright work about his guns or deck. He fully recognised the coming advantages of steam, and one day said to Lord Charles Scott, 'I would sooner command the "Warrior,"' which I think was the first ironclad commissioned, 'than be Admiral of the Cape Station.'

Immediately after his arrival in England Keppel visited Sir Charles Wood, then First Lord of the Admiralty, who offered him an appointment to the 'Colossus' and the command of a flotilla of gunboats.

On his return he dined with the Queen, and received the C.B. as his reward for commanding the Naval Brigade in the Crimea. When, at the conclusion of the siege of Sevastopol, General Pélissier was offered a similar decoration, he is reported to have said he considered it a 'bain de siège.'

But Keppel's delight at his new command

outweighed any feeling of disappointment he may have experienced at having an honour so much less than that bestowed on his predecessors in command of the Naval Brigade.

After taking part in the review of the Fleet by Her Majesty, he sailed once more to the Crimea. He soon returned, however, with troops to England, and again his good luck brought him back in time for Goodwood.

One day crossing to Osborne with Prince Victor he came suddenly on Her Majesty and the Prince Consort. He tried to get behind a bush —too late, and was beckoned to by Her Majesty, who appeared in the best of spirits. The Queen asked him how he liked the change of uniform. He replied, 'I like it very much, your Majesty, but this morning I was taken for a railway official.' At this Her Majesty laughed heartily, giving His Royal Highness a little nudge, and added: 'Have they not taken away your epaulettes?' Unfortunately he did not then know that the improvement was His Royal Highness's idea.

In 1856 Keppel was selected for a Good-Service Pension, and Sir Charles Wood, then

First Lord of the Admiralty, announced that he was the first of the recipients. 'He has seen more service than almost any officer of his rank, and if the entire Navy were polled, the unanimous opinion would be that there is not a better, more gallant, or more deserving officer in the Service. He has distinguished himself on every occasion on which his services have been called into requisition, more recently when in command of the Naval Brigade in the Crimea, and I know of no officer on the list to whom this pension could be more appropriately given.'

Shortly after this he went to Wiesbaden, and though he always said a sailor should have no politics, his Whig interests were so strong that he travelled all the way back to vote for Robert Gurdon in West Norfolk, who won the election by that one vote.

CHAPTER IX

In July 1856 Harry was offered the broad pennant in India.

Just before the sailing of the 'Raleigh,' to the command of which he had been appointed, the officers were invited to dinner with Admiral Sir George Seymour.

Among the wardroom officers on board the 'Raleigh' was his old friend, the Rev. Josias Thompson. Keppel had been with him many years, and, as is usual among old shipmates, had given him a nickname of 'Thomas'; many knew him by no other. The morning of their departure the regular Admiralty pilot, whose name was Thomas, was on board. Two steam-tugs, ordered from the Dockyard, were in attendance; but, the wind being fair, Keppel had no idea, in a sailing frigate, of being towed. He himself took charge, and was in the act of making sail, when the dear old Sir George,

who had been to Haslar to attend the funeral of an old shipmate, suddenly appeared on board, and turning to him, said, 'Don't let me interfere, but is Mr. Thomas on board?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Where is he?' 'Forward on the starboard side, sir, standing on a gun carriage.' Harry was too busy making sail to go with the Commander-in-Chief, for the tide was rising. On inquiring who had attended the Admiral, he found that he had gone forward and, making a bow to the pilot, stated that, as the Commodore was going to take a parting dinner, he hoped to have the pleasure of Mr. Thomas's company. The ship ran out like the beauty she was, saluting the Admiral's flag before coming to anchor.

Near dinner-time Harry and his wife were among the early arrivals. They noticed a gentleman standing on the rug by the fire with a white choker and new suit of clothes; no one seemed to know him. On dinner being announced the Admiral took in Keppel's wife; he, Lady Seymour. The turtle soup had been served, when the Admiral addressed our strange friend with, 'Mr. Thomas, will you have the

goodness to say Grace?' The poor pilot's neighbour whispered to him, 'Say, "Thank God."' Dinner over, the Admiral nudged Keppel's wife, saying, 'That's a queer parson of yours.' And then, in a louder voice, called out, 'Mr. Thomas, have the goodness to return thanks,' he (Keppel) at the same time asking Lady Seymour 'who Mr. Thomas was.' Lady Seymour turned to the butler, and sent him to tell the Admiral that Captain Keppel had never seen that man before. At this moment some of the senior captains spotted our friend the pilot. He never afterwards met his friends in Portsmouth that they did not ask him to say Grace.

The 'Raleigh' was the last pure sailing vessel ever commissioned, and Keppel, who commanded her, was undoubtedly the best sailor in the Navy. Admiral Lord Charles Scott, then a midshipman, tells me that he never knew a captain so particular as he was that every sail should be properly set and trimmed. It was astonishing, he says, how every little change in the direction of the wind was known to him. He seemed never to sleep, and many a night

there came messages to officers of the watch as to the trim of the sails; and in the day he would help all young officers to give their orders properly. During a night when there were heavy squalls an over-cautious lieutenant would unnecessarily lower the topsails, and Keppel declared he would have the topsail halyards put down in his cabin and padlocked.

The 'Raleigh' made some splendid runs under sail on her voyage out to China—one day 290 miles, and 2,990 in thirteen days after passing the Cape. When within a comparatively short distance of Hong Kong she unfortunately struck an uncharted pinnacle rock; at the moment she hardly stopped at all, but the bump was so great that all who were at dinner rushed up on deck. Keppel, always an optimist, said, 'This is nothing; pipe down.' But it was soon apparent that a great rent had been made, and the water was rushing in, in huge waves; the pumps could make no effect on it, and she was steered to the shore. As she reached the mud on the bank a French frigate was seen in the distance, flying the Admiral's flag.

The first lieutenant was directed to lower fore royal, hoist French flag, and fire a salute. The foremost main-deck guns had been run aft to prevent the ship from settling forward. Most of their after-ports had more than one muzzle protruding. A boat was seen coming from the French ship, but there was nothing to show that they were in distress beyond their ensign at the peak, hoisted Union Jack downwards, which could not be seen from Macao on account of studding sails. It was a few minutes after this Keppel felt they were nearing the bottom. By feeling the bow rise ever so gently he knew they had touched the mudbank between the Roko and Typa Islands. The French boat was alongside before they knew that they were no longer forging ahead.

The officer was quickly informed what had happened. The frigate was the 'Virginie,' carrying the flag of Rear-Admiral Guérin, who came himself to see how he could help them. His officer met him at the gangway and without delay explained what had happened. The gallant Guérin no longer thought of nationalities. He embraced and kissed Keppel, exclaiming,

'C'est magnifique! C'est magnifique!' A British frigate saluting the French flag while sinking!

The next day all the officers and men were landed, but Keppel, nearly broken-hearted, would not leave the ship, and slept on the bridge, though the water had risen to within a few inches of it. All the guns and stores were saved.

When the Queen heard of the disaster she wrote to Sir Charles Wood, then First Lord, on June 9, saying, 'The Queen hopes from the account of the accident to the "Raleigh" that Commodore Keppel was not to blame. He is so gallant and zealous an officer that the Queen would deeply regret anything which would distress or disappoint him.'

In October 1856, as the climax to a series of outrages on the part of the Chinese, a vessel called the 'Arrow' was boarded by the Chinese mandarins and the British flag hauled down. The owners claimed that she was a British vessel, which really she was not, and demanded satisfaction from the Chinese Government and compensation, which was refused. Thereupon war was declared, and in May 1857 the time

had arrived that the Admiral, Sir Michael C. Seymour, had arranged for the destruction of the Chinese Fleet.

Keppel's late youngster, 'Jacko Hall,' in the 'Childers,' was now flag-captain, a strictly religious man, with whom I had made acquaintance during my cruise in the Baltic. Though everything was ready, he had sufficient influence with the Commanding Officer not to desecrate the Sabbath, and so deferred the attack until Monday, the First of June, a date of glorious memories, on which day Admiral Elliot in the First Division was to attack the forts, while Keppel had the honour of leading the boats of the Fleet in an attack on a strong force of the Imperial junks, posted in two divisions in well-selected positions in the Fatshan Creek. The present Sir Michael Culme Seymour, thinking that was to be the fighting-line, accompanied him.

The following account is taken from a letter to Harry's sister, Lady Mary Stephenson:

'"Alligator," Canton River: June 20, 1857.

'The three weeks of this month have been full of excitement. We commenced on the 1st

with as pretty a boat action as can be imagined, though it may not be appreciated because it occurred in distant China. From the heights the Fatshan Creek affair must have been a beautiful sight. My broad pennant was hoisted on board the "Hong Kong." The shallow water caused her to ground; she would otherwise have been in front. Took with me Prince Victor of Hohenlohe, having previously been commanded by Her Majesty, through Sir Charles Phipps, to take every care of him, and left Victor Montagu, my proper gig's mid., on board; but the lifting tide soon put him in the midst. We took the lead. The first division of the Chinese were attacked simultaneously by about 1,900 men. I had not more than a quarter of that number to attack the second division, which was three miles higher up the river, in a well-selected place —evidently the *élite* of their fleet. The junks numbered twenty, in one compact row, mounting about fourteen guns each, removed to the side next us, those in the stern and bow being heavy 32-pounders. Boarding nets were dropped on our boats, but not until our men were alongside, as it enabled them all the quicker to sever the

cables connecting the junks. "Raleigh's" boats well up, and did not require cheering on. The Chinese fired occasional shots to ascertain exact distance, but did not open their heaviest fire till we were within 600 yards. Nearly the first poor fellow cut in two by a round shot was an amateur, Major Kearney, whom I had known many years. We cheered, and were trying to get to the front, when a shot struck our boat, killing the bowman. Another was cut in two. A third shot took another's arm off. Prince Victor leaned forward to bind up the man's arm with his neckcloth. While he was so doing a shot passed through both sides of the boat, wounding two more of the crew; in short, the boat was sunk under us.

'Our man-of-war boats do not carry iron ballast, but are steadied by "breakers," made to fit neatly under each thwart and filled with fresh water. The tide rising, boats disabled, oars shot away, it was necessary to re-form. I was collared and drawn from the water by young Michael Seymour, a mate of his uncle's flagship, the "Calcutta." We were all picked up except the dead bowman, whom the faithful dog "Mike"

would not leave. As we retired I shook my fist at the junks, promising I would pay them off. We went to the "Hong Kong" and re-formed. I hailed Lieutenant Graham to get his boat ready, as I would hoist the broad pennant for the next attack in his boat. I had no sooner spoken when he was down, the same shot killing and wounding four others. Graham was one mass of blood, but it was from a marine who stood next to him, part of whose skull was forced three inches into another man's shoulder. When we reached the "Hong-Kong" the whole of the Chinese fire appeared to be centred on her. She was hulled twelve times in a few minutes. Her deck was covered with the wounded, who had been brought on board from different boats. From the paddle-box we saw that the noise of guns was bringing up strong reinforcements. The account of our having been obliged to retire had reached them. They were pulling up like mad. The "Hong Kong" had floated, but grounded again. A bit of blue bunting was prepared to represent a broad pennant, and I called out, "Let's try the row-boats once more, boys," and went over the side into our cutter ("Raleigh's"),

in which was Turnour and the faithful coxswain, Spurrier. At this moment there arose from the boats, as if every man took it up at the same instant, one of those British cheers so full of meaning that I knew at once it was all up with John Chinaman. They might sink twenty boats, but there were thirty others who would go ahead all the faster. It was indeed an exciting sight. A move among the junks! They were breaking ground and moving off, the outermost first! This the Chinese performed in good order, without slacking fire. Then commenced an exciting chase for seven miles. As our shot told they ran mostly on to the mudbanks, and their crews forsook them. Young Cochrane in his light gig got the start of me, but, having boarded a war junk, John Chinaman did not wait to receive him properly, but preferred mud on the other side. Seventeen junks were overtaken and captured. Three only escaped. Before this last chase my poor Spurrier was shot down. I saw his bowels protruding, with my binoculars in the middle, as he lay in the bottom of the boat, holding my hand. He asked if there was any hope. I could only say, "Where there is

life there is hope," but I had none! He was removed into another boat, and sent to the hospital ship. Strange to say, the good Crawford sewed him up, and the Admiral's last letter from Hong Kong states that Spurrier hoped to return to his duty in a few days.'

'Words fail me,' he says, 'on looking back to this stirring day, to express my gratitude that I was allowed to take part in this action. When my ship was lost I felt as if my day was done.'

> The painful warrior, famouséd for fight
> After a thousand victories, once foiled,
> Is from the books of honour razéd quite,
> And all the rest forgot for which he toiled.

But Fate was kind, and Fatshan Creek gave him another chance in the Service he ardently loved.

The fighting over, a more disagreeable episode had to be gone through—the court-martial on the loss of the 'Raleigh,' when he was, of course, honourably acquitted.

Victor Montagu tells me one of Keppel's many acts of kindness and consideration during this court-martial. One of the members asked the boy to give an account of all that happened

from the time the 'Raleigh' struck till the next night. Keppel went to the president and said it was too hard to put such a task before a boy, and succeeded in getting the question withdrawn.

Arriving at home, Keppel, now Sir Harry, found himself an Admiral and a K.C.B., and in December he was again at his happy quarters at Holkham, where he stayed until he went to the Ranger's Lodge in Hyde Park, dining with his old friend, Admiral Rous, and attending what races came in the way—and I am bound to say most of them did. His brother, Lord Albemarle, who hated racing, used to wonder how an intelligent man could care to see 'a fool in red riding after a rogue in yellow.'

In September 1858 he was pleased at hearing from Lord Palmerston that he had been appointed groom-in-waiting to the Queen.

Though born a Whig, he never had had in his ever-active life time to enter into the political arena; but in April 1859 he stood with 'his kind friend and honest politician, Sir Francis Baring,' who was much struck, as I read in his diaries, with his eloquence. He found

himself, 'after a week's chaffing and riotous living, at the bottom of the poll!'

He consoled himself for his defeat by seeing his brother-in-law, Sir Joseph Hawley—the lucky baronet, as he was called—win the Derby with Musjid, having the previous year won the Two Thousand Guineas, and then found a better horse in Beadsman, who won the Derby and 100,000*l.* for his owner.

On June 3, 1859, his wife, who had long been delicate, suddenly died.

CHAPTER X

In 1860 Harry was appointed to the Cape command, and in 1861 he felt it to be his duty to visit the terrible West Coast of Africa, where so many English lives have been sacrificed.

A Londoner may to-day see walking down St. James's Street Admiral Sir Algernon Heneage, faultlessly dressed, not a wrinkle on his well-fitting coat, not a speck of dust on his well-polished boots. Some I have heard criticise such minute details, but let them hear a story told of him by Harry Keppel, and they will, when they next meet him, take off their hat to him, as I always do.

On February 11, 1861, Commander Fitzroy having died of fever, Heneage was appointed to the 'Falcon,' which was lying in the river, where there was nothing above the surface to be seen moving but sharks' fins. The new Commander was well got-up, as was his wont, even

to kid gloves. Just as his four-oared gig was getting alongside one of the boys missed his footing and disappeared. In a moment Heneage unbuckled his sword, dived, and saved the boy. He read his commission at the capstan in his muddy suit—a good beginning—and returned on board the 'Forte' to dine with his old chief.

I pass over some differences between Sir George Grey and Keppel because these words lie before me, written in the beginning of 1861:

'Sir George Grey and myself are both old men, living within an hour's walk. We must shortly be called to our full account.

'*P.S.*—Poor fellow! since writing the above I find that Sir George Grey rests under the same roof as Nelson and Wellington!'

On his return from the Cape command he was much at my father's house. One day at dinner my mother asked him whether the fire was too hot for him. 'I am sure,' said somebody, 'Sir Harry was never afraid of the fire being too hot for him.' 'Perhaps not,' said my mother, 'but he has never yet turned his back upon it.'

In 1861 he married my sister at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and in the following year his son Colin was born. He is now a distinguished officer, honourably walking in his father's footsteps.

Harry was still longing for active service, for

> He never was on the dull, tame shore
> But he loved the great sea more and more.

He with difficulty consoled himself by yachting in the Solent and breeding trout in the river Itchen, which ran through the garden of his cottage at Bishopstoke. Over it hung the branch of a tree which interfered in making a good cast from the bank, so, having swarmed up the tree, he proceeded to cut off the offending limb with a saw; unfortunately, he sat on the branch he was sawing, and when it fell into the river he accompanied it and got a good ducking.

In 1862, when Kingsclere was a different place from what it is now, Harry used to go there with his brother-in-law, Sir Joseph Hawley, and interest himself in the mysteries of the training stable. Porter's palatial house had not then been built. This was the year before the memorable Derby of 1863, when, coming round

Tattenham Corner, Lord Strathmore's Saccharometer fell, bringing several other horses to the ground and inflicting great injuries on their jockeys. After a splendid race between Lord Clifden and Macaroni, who won by a head, Fordham, who was riding Lord Clifden, was much blamed. He felt this acutely, and cried like a child over his defeat, which he attributed to the refusal of the trainer to allow him to ride Lord Clifden in his home gallops. When the racing was over, Fordham on his way home stopped for a drink at a public-house.

Two men were discussing the Derby, and one said, 'I should have won my money on Lord Clifden if that d——d little thief Fordham had not pulled him.' Thereupon, throwing his brandy-and-soda full in his face, Fordham cried, 'I'm the d——d little thief, and you are a d——d big liar!'

In 1862 Harry romantically offered his sword and services to the Danes, who had embarked in an unequal contest with Germany. He was like the Lacedæmonians of old, who never asked the number of their enemies, but only where they were. His rank as Vice-Admiral, however,

precluded his appointment, and he was driven back on his garden and country pursuits.

Keppel shared in the wave of enthusiasm which broke over the country in 1864 on the arrival of Garibaldi in this country, and was among those who went to welcome the red-shirted hero on his arrival at Southampton.

In May 1864 his daughter Mary, who has since married a clever naval officer—Captain Hamilton—was born; and in the autumn he visited The Hague, where he was kindly received by the Queen of Holland; and also Sandringham, where he was always a welcome and a happy guest. 'Come,' wrote the Prince, 'and bring your yarns with you.' But he brought more than his yarns—his gun—and very nearly shot his Royal Host. 'Who fired that shot?' said the Prince. Harry ran round, and came up from the opposite direction, saying, 'Oh! of course, sir, you will say it is the Little Admiral.' One day, as the party were starting to the meet, Prince Edward drew Harry aside, saying, 'If you want a good lead, you follow mamma.'

His distinguished services now entitled him to a new command, and on December 14 he was

rejoiced at receiving the following letter from the Prince of Wales:

'Private.] 'Oakley Park, Scole, Norfolk: December 12, 1866.

'My dear Sir Henry,—I am glad to be able to tell you that I received a letter from Sir John Pakington this morning, announcing his intention of offering you, with the Queen's approval, the China command, as Admiral King is going to give up, and I am only too happy if I have in any small way been the means of getting Sir John to give you this command.

'Both he and the whole Admiralty are very well disposed towards you, and I am sure that you will do all in your power to show them that you are anxious to distinguish yourself during this command, as you always have done on previous occasions.

'Believe me, yours very sincerely,

'Albert Edward.'

'God bless the Prince of Wales!' said he. And now ended his five years of enforced idleness, with an estrangement from professional duties, which he loved, and from the sea which

was his natural home. But he had a month to spare, in which he was again invited to Sandringham and Holkham, where the happy associations of his boyhood were renewed.

Before he started to take up his command he was summoned to Windsor, and had an interview with Queen Victoria, who received him, as he relates, 'with one of her pleasantest smiles.'

Then he was off again to China. On his way through Egypt he found an old Crimean friend, who took him to visit the works of the Suez Canal, then in progress under M. de Lesseps; of the success of which he formed a high opinion, though in England it was much doubted, and Lord Palmerston ridiculed the idea of its completion.

He gave an amusing account of the occupation of Perim:

'Some eight years ago,' he says, 'the mail steamer on passing had observed a French brig-of-war surveying; and on the afternoon of the next day the French captain mentioned to Colonel Coghlan, the Governor of Aden, with whom he was dining, that he was going the next morning to take possession of Perim in the name

of the French Government. Coghlan, without rising from table or taking any apparent notice of what had been said, pencilled a few words on a scrap of paper to the captain of artillery, ordering him to proceed at once with a party and hoist the British colours on the island. The French captain's disappointment the next day, when he found himself forestalled, would have been worth seeing. A correspondence took place between the two Governments, when it was proved that we had prior possession during our war with France, when we retained Perim, but under a promise we should not fortify it.

'Cain is supposed to have been buried there or thereabouts'; but where he got this wonderful piece of information from I cannot ascertain.

A French admiral, hearing of our occupation of Perim, sarcastically remarked: 'Partout, où il y a de l'eau salée, c'est à L'Angleterre!'

At Galle Keppel came across Colonel Hodgson, Brigadier-General and Commander-in-Chief, whose grandfather, in the reign of George II., together with the then Commodore Keppel, had been selected to act in the capture of Belle Isle from the French. A friendship between the

families was thus established, which has been continued through successive generations ever since.

In the 'Salamis,' to which Harry had transferred his flag, he passed the Sarawak River, with its bold headlands and magnificent scenery. He could not but compare the state of things existing there with that on his first visit in the 'Dido,' all due to the powerful administration of Rajah Brooke.

'In 1842 piracy, slavery, and head-hunting were the order of the day. The sail of a peaceful trader was nowhere to be seen, not even a fisherman's hut, along the length of this beautiful coast. Far into the interior the Malays and Dyaks warred on one another. Now how different! Huts and fishing-stakes are to be seen all along the coast; the town of Kuching, which on the visit of the 'Dido' had scarcely 800 inhabitants, now has a population of over 20,000. At least 250,000 of the aborigines who called themselves warriors are now peaceful traders and cultivators of the soil. The jungle is fast being cleared to make way for farms; and, to prove what industry can do, Miss Burdett-Coutts has

taken a tract of 500 acres of jungle—far from being the most productive soil that could be found—where everything that is likely to thrive within the Tropics will be introduced into this model farm. Fruits, such as pineapples, bananas, mangosteens, and oranges are doing well, and rice and sago, mulberry trees to feed silkworms, are all flourishing.'

On July 10, 1867, Keppel, accompanied by Harry Stephenson, his nephew, arrived at the capital of Japan, then called Yedo, where he was persuaded by Sir Harry Parkes to visit the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and was struck by the ease and bearing of the Japanese officials. He was amazed not only at the beauty of the country, but at the wonderful revolution that had taken place in the political state of the Japanese and their feelings towards foreigners, who were now welcomed with smiles and good temper.

Of these changes Keppel gives an interesting account in his diary written at the time:

'The Daimios (feudal barons of peculiarly high standing), who would a few years ago have put their Shogoon to death for entertaining the idea of permitting foreigners to trade, are now

quarrelling among themselves as to whose port shall be the first opened to trade. These feudal chiefs are tenacious of their independence, and no longer live with a portion of their family within the precincts of the castle and moat at Yedo, but excuse themselves by stating that troublous times oblige them to keep their retainers with them and ready.

'They seem to be ignorant of the fact that nothing will tend more to sap and explode the whole feudal system than the introduction of the foreigner with his free notions.

'The United States, with their prohibitive restrictions on commerce and despotic governments, are the loudest in their call for Free Trade, and were the first to compel the Japanese to open their ports to the foreigner. France, that "grand nation," governed by force of arms, will allow herself to be second to none in free intercourse with the Japanese. Holland no longer eats dirt to be allowed to monopolise the whole trade, and, unable to compete with other nations in free notions of commerce, is fast retiring from the Japanese waters. Imperial Russia seems afraid of contamination with any

traders. England, I believe, while she feels the hardship of enforcing our trade on these primitive and would-be exclusive people, is obliged to go with the stream, and as yet enjoys two-thirds of the whole commerce. Certain ports are open and carrying on a thriving trade, and others are to be opened in January 1868.

'The apple of discord has been thrown among these warlike Daimios, who, finding that their whole strength united can no longer keep out the foreigner, are likely to divide and quarrel among themselves. Several of these princes are far more powerful than the Tycoon himself; but the Tycoon is nominally the head of the Government, and each quarrel among the Daimios adds to his strength. The Tycoon is now at Osaka, ready to put down any single-handed Daimio, some of whom have threatened hostilities, fancying themselves aggrieved in not having been sufficiently consulted in the selection of the Treaty Ports. Whether matters are to pass quietly, time only will determine.

'As yet, beyond the visit I paid to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, I have seen none of their great men. The French, who through

their Minister, it is said, have got contracts for building docks and clothing the army for the Tycoon, have invested large sums of money in the country; so much so that in case of civil war their interest will be to support the Tycoon, and they would persuade him that by a powerful army alone can he hope to govern and put down the turbulent chiefs. *Our* advice is to get up a respectable navy and make timely concessions. With their splendid harbours, mineral wealth, and vast resources the Japanese ought to become a great maritime nation.'

Landing on an island beautifully wooded down to the sea, Keppel's sporting instincts were awakened by seeing herds of deer. He was soon, however, disappointed of his expected sport on being told by a priest that the island was sacred and dedicated to the Buddhist god, that the deer were all tame and never killed, and that not so much as a stone was ever permitted to be removed; in fact, that anyone attempting to commit such a sacrilege would surely die. He said there was gold among the sand on the east side, but that was guarded by a great serpent. A party went on shore at the invitation of the

priests, and while they were inspecting the interior of the temple a fine stag walked in and ate several sheets of white paper from the hands of the strangers. None of the deer are ever killed, nor is anyone allowed to pick up the antlers they shed, which were seen lying about.

The 'Serpent,' on which Keppel had now hoisted his flag, was met on her arrival in Nagasaki harbour by the sad news of the murder of two seamen of Lord Charles Scott's ship, the 'Icarus.' The poor fellows had fallen asleep outside a tea-house, and had been slashed to pieces by some passing ruffians with their two-handed swords.

The year 1868 found Keppel flying his flag on board the 'Rodney,' having already visited within nine months all the important ports in China and Japan, besides paying a visit of a month to Pekin. Nothing could escape his never-tiring activity. His duties as Commander-in-Chief entailed on him many political negotiations with Foreign Ministers as to the opening of Treaty Ports; but affairs in Japan were then in a state of confusion, owing to the weakness

of the Tycoon's power and the strength of the independent feudal chiefs.

In these days, when the eyes of the world are fixed on Japan—her progress, her achievements, her bravery, the perfection of her armaments against the huge Empire of Russia—it is interesting to follow Keppel's visit to the naval yards of Japan.

Even then he thought that 'no nation had ever passed through such changes and so great a revolution, although still incomplete, in so short a time and with so little bloodshed. But internal dissensions must ensue; and the Saturday night of our arrival and the greater part of Sunday fires were blazing in five or six different parts of the city. This proved to be the property belonging to Prince Satsuma, who was domineering it with so high a hand over the Tycoon at Miako. A steamer of his that attempted to go to sea was chased and attacked by three of the Tycoon's vessels-of-war. Although there did not appear to be much damage done, it is the beginning of a civil war which must decide which is to be the strongest and ruling power. Much has to be done, and that strongest

of all earthly powers, the majority of the people, has not as yet been thought of as having anything to do with their differences. It will be curious to watch the progress of events.

'The most influential and dangerous party now are the ignorant, idle, lazy, two-sworded followers and retainers of the Daimios and feudal chiefs—scoundrels who are alike a curse to their masters as well as the people.'

On leaving Japan for China he was followed by constant accounts of the movements of civil war from that country.

The troops whom the Tycoon had sent against the disaffected princes had been met by Satsuma's followers and dispersed. The Tycoon, taking fright, had departed for the city of Yedo, leaving his magnificent castle to be burnt. The Foreign Legations had quitted Osaka the best way they could, and retired upon Hiogo, under the protection of the ships-of-war. The Tycoon's want of courage and retreat greatly disgusted Monsieur Roches, the French Minister. The French, having embarked large sums in the construction of docks and other works, were pecuniarily interested in the stability of the

Tycoon's Government. M. Roches had retired to Yokohama, and would probably have continued his retreat to Paris had he not been stopped by the newly arrived French Admiral, Monsieur Ohier.

Other wavering princes declared for the Mikado, in whose name Satsuma, Tosa, Chion, and other Daimios carried on the war against the Tycoon. Among them, the Prince of Bozin came up from the westward; his line of march lay through Hiogo, and skirted the territory which had been allotted to and already taken possession of by the foreigners. Prince Bozin's advanced guard had gone on, and when his main body came up and were abreast of the foreign settlement the not uncommon order for all to prostrate themselves was given. Two French seamen who were on the road attempted to cross the line of troops, and were charged with spears. In the confusion the officer in command of Bozin's troops gave the order to fire, an order which was immediately obeyed; but as in all probability it was the first time the Japs had ever to fire in earnest, no great damage was done. But the alarm was sounded, the Minister's

guard of fifty men belonging to the 9th Regiment turned out, marines and seamen from our man-of-war ('Ocean') hurried on shore.

'Just as the disturbance commenced Sir Harry Parkes, with Captain Stanhope, was returning from a walk, attended by two dismounted men of the bodyguard. They made for the Consulate across the open space which had been cleared for the foreign settlement, and afforded capital pot-shots for the excited Japs, who for a few minutes had it all their own way. But by the end of that time the 9th were advancing, and in a few minutes afterwards Parkes was out at the head of his troopers, and the Japs, in full retreat, throwing away all extra weight, dispersed towards the hills with the agility of monkeys. Parkes came up and captured three brass guns. Two Frenchmen and one American had been wounded.

'Nothing could have happened worse or more inopportunely for the disaffected chiefs, whose last wish it was to offend the foreigners, who made a very grave affair of the whole business, demanding ample apologies from the Mikado himself and nothing short of the execution of

the officer who had given the order. All this was conceded, and eventually carried out.'

Keppel gives an account of a hara-kiri, which he recommends his readers to pass over, and which appears to be different from what we formerly imagined it to be. We are now told on high authority that a slight cut only is made by the victim himself, the death being completed by the good offices of the friend who occupies the place of a second in a modern duel.

He subsequently had an interview with the Mikado, a youth of sixteen years of age, before whom all the chief nobles prostrated themselves, their heads touching the ground, in abject humility.

When at Nagasaki,' The Gem of the Sea,' he was struck with the wealth of its mines of iron and coal, fisheries, and population. 'Japan,' he said, 'was coveted by Russia, America, and France; its possession would enable the Power holding it to monopolise the whole of the trade in China.' In a prophetic vein he saw that the Japanese would naturally fear the steady march of Russia towards Japan. They knew that in ten years China had yielded to that country 900

miles of coast, all tending towards the possession of Japan, which had harbours open at all seasons of the year; while Russia's boundary-line on the islands off the coast had brought her to their very door.

He thought that if we maintained a proper position in Japan, in consideration of our vast Eastern trade, England and other nations, not wishing to acquire territory, would always be in a position to preserve the integrity of that country.

America had discovered that Yokohama was the most convenient place for a depôt of coal for her 4,000-ton Pacific steamers, and the United States Senior Naval Officer stated that they intended to establish store houses for their men-of-war at Nagasaki, where Russia had already a small dockyard. At the same time the French had been, and were still, constructing docks, and had established, at the Japanese Government's expense, a small colony at Yokosha, near Yokohama.

In 1868 England had as good a footing in Japan as any other nation, while our trade exceeded that of all others. In vain Keppel urged

upon the Admiralty the necessity for building a naval hospital at Yokohama, owing to its salubrious climate, and also a bungalow for the use of the naval Commander-in-Chief, as there was nothing of the kind on the station.

At Hankow, in the spring of 1869, Keppel found Chinese Gordon, already famous for his defeating the Taiping rebels, and destined to greater fame hereafter. 'Gordon had held a command as brigadier-general under Li Hung Chang, and he it was who so treacherously put to death Lar Wang and nine of the rebel chiefs at the surrender of Soochow, on December 7, 1863, although Gordon had pledged himself for their safety. The only time that Gordon was known to carry arms was the two days after the execution of the Wangs, when, had he fallen in with Li, there would have been two holes in Li's yellow waistcoat!'

Later on he paid a ceremonial visit to Viceroy Li, under whom Gordon served, of which he gave a full account:

'It appears that there is a regular etiquette on all ceremonial visits as to how far you may advance in your chair towards the first door of

the three apartments, at which you are met by the person you visit.

'I received the honour due to the highest rank, and was placed on a raised platform on the left of the Viceroy Li. Tea was ready, and on another table were sweetmeats—then usual compliments of asking your age, health, and the balance of your family.

'Before I proceeded to announce my intention of proceeding up the river His Excellency hoped I would not attempt to do so, urging that the natives were troublesome and unaccustomed to foreigners, and he could not be responsible for them. I replied that I had no fear with the passport of so great a man. To this he made objections and excuses. We then gathered round the sweetmeats, and replied to numerous questions about armament and guns, all showing a warlike tendency.

'Viceroy Li is a tall, hard-looking man, and I should think quite capable of ridding himself and his country of any number of rebel kings, whether a British officer had become security or not. He seemed to take a great fancy to my Bath Star, and said he should recommend

me to the Emperor for the distinguished Order of the Imperial Dragon. Our interview lasted for over an hour.'

In 1869 Keppel received his promotion and was ordered home. Before he gave up his command H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh arrived on the station, and Keppel stayed with him in the Mikado's Summer Palace at Yedo, now called Tokyo. The Sailor Prince was received with every token of welcome and respect. Preceded always by guards of honour, a prince was appointed by the Japanese Government to wait on him, and he was lodged in sumptuous apartments in the Palace. A magnificent bronze vase, covered with beautifully executed birds, dragon, &c., was given to him by the Mikado, while among his presents were ten magnificent volumes of about 14 inches square by 4 inches deep, containing coloured pictures—in fact, a complete history of Japan, a thing that no money could purchase. In front of the Prince's window were large china bowls containing beautiful broad-tailed specimens of goldfish. Other china bowls, ranged on stands, contained hundreds of flowers, dwarf trees — which are now so

fashionable on English dinner tables—all of which His Royal Highness was to consider his own.

The Prince, Parkes, and Keppel were the principal persons, and, in fact, the only ones, admitted into the same room as His Majesty. No presentations took place, and everything was as formal as need be, but exceedingly curious. A more friendly meeting took place afterwards at a small bungalow in the pleasure-grounds of the castle, which are very extensive. Mitford [1] acted as interpreter, and the exclusiveness surrounding the Mikado's person was broken through. The Prince presented him with a beautiful gold box, on the lid of which a miniature of himself was set in diamonds.

After dinner on Saturday they had theatricals in the evening. The performers were all women, who preserved the greatest decorum throughout. The next thing they saw was the interior of a great Daimio's palace, where they were entertained in regular Japanese fashion. The house selected for the occasion belonged to a Japanese noble whose income was estimated at 800,000*l.* a year. He was absent, but a prince of Japan

[1] Now Lord Redesdale.

was there to receive the Royal party and do the honours.

'A Japanese fish dinner has been often described. They sat on mats and ate with chop-sticks, and drank cups of hot *saki* with the chief men, into which fun the Duke of Edinburgh cordially entered. In front of the banqueting room was a theatre, and a selection of plays was performed during the feast. This was done by the retainers of the Daimio, according to ancient custom. The actors were men; the chief performers wore masks. The dresses were gorgeous, and looked as if they were new for the occasion. The guests did not understand the language, but Mitford had kindly translated the plays beforehand. To them the motion of the actors was so exactly like that of a turkey-cock with his tail spread out that anyone who has watched that bird, or a peacock, under similar circumstances, strutting about needs no further description.

'After the plays were over certain mysterious-looking boxes were brought from the theatre and placed at the feet of the Prince for inspection. On being opened they proved to be the masks that had been used on this occasion, four in

number, carved out of wood and painted. There was the lovely face of woman—the comic, the tragic, and one the diabolical. These were said to be four hundred years old.'

After this the Royal party pulled on their boots, mounted, and rode away, escorted as before, taking rather a circuitous route that the Prince might see something more of the city.

'A covered place had been erected in front of the house for acrobats, so convenient that everything could be seen from a chair in the verandah. Another such place had also sprung up, which looked like an equestrian circus, but which they found was to be used for wrestling. In fact, nothing had been forgotten by these kind and hospitable people that could add to the comfort or amusement of the Prince.

'Wrestling appeared to be a national pastime, and was conducted with much order and ceremony. The Prince had a large party of Daimios and chiefs to luncheon, after which the combat took place. One side of the square, which must have been about 80 yards, was covered in and fitted with chairs and seats for the Prince and his friends. On the raised

platform in the centre, which was about 20 feet square, and likewise roofed over, was an altar, on which incense was offered to propitiate some deity. The leading wrestlers from one side then appeared, and formed a ring on the platform, and went through certain mystic movements—clapping of hands, extending arms, then legs, stamping heavily with, first, one foot, hands resting on one knee, then the other.

'This over, they retired to a small building erected at the corner, near the end of the building in which the Prince and his guests sat, and from which to the platform there was a pathway railed off. Another party then issued from the opposite corner, at the other end of the Prince's stand, and went through the same ceremony. After these had retired a herald summoned a man from each side. Certain ceremonies were again gone through. A friendly pinch of salt was brought by each and mixed with the soil on which they stood; they extended the arms and stamped and kow-tow'd, and then squatted and watched each other like two game-cocks until the signal was given by the umpire, when they sprang at each other with a yell and wrestled

in earnest. There was nothing peculiar in their manner of wrestling. There must have been as many as a hundred of each of the best. The wrestling of the champions was reserved for the last, and was exceedingly fine. The good Prince Nwajima and the smaller officer Uwajima were the only strange guests.

After dinner the walks through the pleasure-grounds were lighted up, and from one of the summer-houses on the edge of the lake they witnessed some inferior fireworks, but the best these good people could produce. In another pavilion was a native band in full costume, probably the Mikado's. The night was calm and fine. On returning from the Legation, Keppel found in his room a present from His Majesty in the shape of a handsome sword.

On Keppel giving up his command and shifting his flag to the 'Salamis,' which was to take him on his homeward journey, he was entertained by a party of about eighty, including the Minister, Chief-Justice Sir E. Hornby, Colonel Norman, and captains of ships, among them H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh. The whole

thing was a complete success, and ended by his being carried on the shoulders of his entertainers round the tables, preceded by the Prince's Highland piper!

The speech he made was reported, in a letter which lies before me, as being a model of brevity:

'His feelings,' he said, 'in parting from so many good fellows were too much for him.' Everybody was upset, and tears fell all round, in the midst of which he added, sitting down and rubbing his forehead, 'What a damned old fool I am'; but I hope he consoled himself by thinking of Thackeray's aphorism, that a man is never so manly as when he is unmanned.

In passing through the Osaka Straits the 'Galatea' took the ground. Sir H. Keppel joined H.R.H. on the bridge, not with the idea of interfering, but wishing to see him get his own ship off.

His first idea was to send the lighter boats to sound in every direction. The boom-boats were got into the water; bower anchors prepared for laying out. Keppel remarked that the B.B., hanging from the cathead, looked heavy.

H.R.H., referring to his small watch bill book, had noted the exact weight and size of every spar, anchor, and boat on board. He asked no more questions.

The B.B. anchor, with hemp cable, was laid out astern, the end passed through port side of the captain's cabin, brought to the capstan, and hove taut. He was wondering what H.R.H. would do next, when he heard the message to the engine-room, 'Go ahead full speed.' He wondered, as he believed others did. In less than five minutes the cable astern slackened, capstan bars manned: she was afloat. He inquired of H.R.H. what made him first go ahead. He had ascertained that his ship was on the hard sandbank. He knew the vast power of the screw propeller would dissolve the edge of the sand; the rest followed. The old sailor of sixty had, as he confessed, learned something from the young officer of twenty-five.

Before leaving the 'Galatea' Keppel and Sir Harry Parkes had renewed their old friendship, having first met on board the 'Dido' in 1842. When trouble came in 1858 Parkes wrote home: 'Oh for a Keppel—just for one

month!' And now, ten years later, the Minister and the Commander-in-Chief met again.

On October 31, 1869, came the end of Keppel's naval career in China. At Hong Kong every honour was paid him, and, contrary to all precedents, salutes were fired, though all his uniforms were packed up. The 'Galatea' manned yards, and the 'Little Admiral,' rigged up in a Norfolk jacket, with his boy Colin clinging to his hand, passed the pier and embarked on the 'Galatea's' barge, manned by His Royal Highness and wardroom officers and steered by the Commodore, to take him off; while another barge was manned by the gunroom officers to take his wife and children. Colin, however, refusing to quit his hold of him, partook of the honour of being so conveyed. Never was such a demonstration for an admiral on his leaving his station.

His Royal Highness came into his cabin on deck, and there presented him with a gold watch as a souvenir; which he said would do afterwards for Colin, who seized the case containing the watch and insisted that it had been given to him. Harry, however, was never without it till his death.

SIR HENRY KEPPEL

From a watercolour drawing by the Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos

On shoving off the Prince and his crew gave three more parting cheers. The 'Salsette' screwed ahead to the eastward, and having gained room, turned round, passing again through the ships, when the cheering was repeated by the foreigners as well as our own men-of-war; even the invalids from the hospital-ships caught the kind infection.

At Singapore a great dinner was given to him. His old friend, Mr. W. H. Read, who is still alive, on taking the chair, came at once to the toast which had brought them together, and went into a long detail of the ships in which he had served and commanded on this station, beginning with the 'Magicienne.' A laugh was raised when he alluded to the Tumongong of Muar offering Keppel the hand of his daughter. 'Then,' Read said, 'there was the "Dido." I remember her well, with her taut spars, sky-sail poles, flying kites, and graceful hull, dashing about the station in every direction, and always in for a fight when one was to be had. The "Mæander" with Sir James Brooke; his merits recognised, the K.C.B. installation took place here. The "Raleigh," in which 50-gun frigate he sailed

into this beautiful harbour from the westward to show his confidence in its safety, and the wisdom of the P. and O. in taking his advice when he told them of its existence in 1849. Fatshan, "the smartest cutting-out affair of modern times." Last comes the "Rodney," of which vessel I can only say we have seen too little; but we endorse the verdicts of Hong Kong and Yokohama: he never undertook what he did not carry out, and a better passport to posterity after such a stirring life no man need possess.'

Read concluded his speech by asking them to drink 'Long life and prosperity to the gallant Admiral, with three times three—and don't be afraid of bringing the roof down!'

In December 1869 the Admiral arrived at home to find his dear friend Henry Seymour dying. From his father he received the following letter:

'Eaton Square: December 22, 1869.

'My dear Keppel,—From the long and sincere friendship which existed between my dear Henry and yourself I feel certain that no one will have felt a sharper pang than yourself when you heard of his untimely death.

'You have many friends, but never possessed a more sincere one than he was to you.

'He marked it on the very day of his death, when his eyes flashed on seeing someone approach him; he thought it was you, and, holding out his hand, with a faint smile as he did so, mentioned your name. He expired on July 24.

'As a faint hope, he had joined his sister, Mrs. Gore, at Carlsbad, and Her Majesty, with her usual thought and kindness, had sent Sir William Jenner and Dr. Ellice. They pronounced the case hopeless. . . .

'Very sincerely yours,

'G. H. SEYMOUR.'

Sir Henry Seymour had, before he died, given Sir Harry his sword, which he always wore to the last. It is now in the possession of the King.

In May 1870 he received a letter from Lord Salisbury:

'Dear Sir Henry,—The University of Oxford propose to confer upon you, if it should be agreeable to you to receive it, an honorary degree at

the approaching Commemoration, in recognition of your distinguished services to the country as a naval officer. It is very pleasant to me to be associated as Chancellor in this expression of their respect. If you should accept the degree, it will be necessary that you should be present in the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford on Wednesday, June 22. The ceremony will be over by one o'clock.

'Believe me, yours very truly,

'SALISBURY.

'Sir H. Keppel, K.C.B.'

He stayed with my sister at the rooms of my brother Richard, who was a Student of Christchurch. Accoutred in full uniform, surmounted by a college cap, and a doctor's crimson silk hood and cloth robe, he joined the Doctors assembled, according to arrangements published in the 'Oxford Gazette,' in the library of All Souls', going thence to the Sheldonian Theatre. The Chancellor of the University and heads of houses go in, leaving those who are about to receive the distinction outside until summoned. After waiting an hour and a half in the outer

hall, they went in, single file, through a crowd, Harry following Robert Lowe, Chancellor of the Exchequer. Cheering more or less loud announced the entrance of each recipient.

It would be difficult to describe the scene on entering this magnificent amphitheatre; rendered still more beautiful by tier above tier of lovely women, each armed with a bouquet such as the season produces to perfection. Above the ladies, in an upper gallery, were the undergraduates, who loudly expressed their approval, or otherwise, of the different persons as they appeared below to receive the distinguished degree about to be conferred.

In front of the entrance, on a throne raised to the level of the lower gallery, which contained the ladies, sat the Marquis of Salisbury, as Chancellor, at a desk, supported on either side by the great dignitaries, as well as by those who had preceded and had already received the D.C.L.

As they approached, an official announced in Latin who and what each candidate was. This gave ample time to those who, like himself, felt nervous as to the mysteries of the whole affair

to look about them. An attempt was made by some of the undergraduates to cry down Mr. Lowe with *Non placet*, which called forth corresponding cheers from his friends, the clamour and noise lasting some minutes.

At last his turn arrived. Name, rank, and performances were given out, as were those of his predecessors, in Latin. Loud and prolonged cheering ensued. The Chancellor rose and addressed him in Latin, after which the bar was removed and he ascended the steps of the throne, shook hands with Lord Salisbury, and then took his seat with his brother D.C.L.'s.

In July 1870 came his investiture with the Grand Cross of the Bath, a great and coveted honour.

Then began, in November 1871, the illness of the Prince of Wales, and Sir Harry's journals are entirely occupied by an anxiety, which was shared in by the whole country, for the Prince. On December 11 he says: 'All hope supposed to be at an end. How sad for the nation! What a kind friend I lose.' But happier days were in store for the Prince, the country, and Sir Harry, who attended in St. Paul's the

beautiful scene of 'Thanksgiving,' and rejoiced over the recovery of his kind friend.

In 1875 Harry had promised his haul-down promotion to Lieutenant Rose, and I find in his journal the following entry:

'That fine fellow Rose gives up my haul-down promotion to Charlie Beresford, Mr. Ward Hunt having promised that Rose should be promoted at the end of the year.'

A beautiful letter of deep gratitude came from 'Charlie Beresford,' both to Harry and Rose, indulging in ambitious hopes, which we all know have been more than realised.

Some men attain a popularity in the surroundings among which they live, but Harry's was universal among all classes.

On one occasion, his birthday falling in the Ascot week, the King at luncheon proposed his health. On another, a friend of mine told me that he heard a great cheer go up from the Ring. There was no race going on, and he inquired what it was all about. 'Why,' they said, 'it is Harry Keppel's birthday and he has just arrived.'

In 1882, at the time of the first Nile

campaign, the old sailor wrote to Lord John Hay, telling him to be sure to let his son be shot at; but when the news of the expedition came to him at Bishopstoke he could hardly sleep or speak of anything but his anxieties for his boy. When, however, the news of his safety arrived he recovered his spirits, and celebrated the happy event by a dinner, where he and Harry Stephenson drank perry for champagne, and were neither of them the better for it.

As in 1882, so in 1885 his desire that his son should be brought to the front in Egypt was shown by letters he wrote at the time; and when the latter was appointed to the command of the gunboat flotilla on the Nile there were anxious moments for the father. On September 2, 1898, he was trying, as was his custom of an afternoon, to dictate his recollections; he leant back in his chair and said: 'I cannot keep my attention on what I am doing, I can so plainly hear the roaring of the guns at Omdurman.' But his anxiety was soon relieved by a telegram announcing his son's safety, and congratulations poured in upon him, the Queen being the earliest to tell him of the

SIR H. K. AFTER LUNCH!

From a sketch by Miss Nina Daly

pleasure his son's gallantry and safety had given Her.

In 1896 Harry accompanied the Prince of Wales to Epsom and had the gratification of seeing Persimmon win the Derby. There was naturally a great excitement in the Royal box, and the Princess of Wales turned round and kissed Harry on his forehead *coram populo*.

It was a great event in Harry's racing career, and he honoured it by presenting the Marlborough Club with a portrait of the famous racehorse, which now hangs on its walls.

Harry was never tired of comparing the Navy of to-day with the Navy of his youth, and of enlarging upon the marvellous revolution which had been wrought by steam; and yet, while admitting that to the full, it was natural for him to regret the disappearance of that special skill which manœuvring under canvas demanded. Commander Goodenough was saying, one day, that the Bay of Biscay was losing its reputation for boisterous seas. Harry answered: 'Ah, dear boy, you have never tried beating across it in an 8-gun brig.'

Running over the pages of an old Navy List,

he would show his own name as a post-captain, and the names of old lieutenants with forty-five and forty-eight years' service. 'What a monstrous shame was promotion by rank favouritism! These poor lieutenants passed over by me so far more quickly than my merits deserved. I never got a step,' he said, 'that was not a job'; and yet he never suffered from any sign of jealousy from his less fortunate comrades. If the days of jobbery are over, I fear the days of jealousy remain—not in that glorious profession to which Harry belonged, but in the sister Service.

Nothing is more remarkable than the contrast in the two Services in this respect. In the Army it is rare for any officer to attain distinction but he is followed by detractors. In the Navy every man rejoices in the success of his comrade. So it is in the government of the two Services. In the War Office perpetual changes, continual abuses, and acknowledged inefficiency. In the Admiralty an unbroken record of good government and, seen everywhere, the practical results of such good government.

In 1899 Harry had gone to Cannes to escape

the horrors of an English winter; but it was far too cold to please him, so in the following year he wanted to go where, as he said, it would not be necessary for him always to wear a pea-jacket. In spite of the remonstrances of his friends, he started for the scenes of his earlier days in the Straits Settlements, where he was received with enthusiasm by the inhabitants. So appreciative were they of his long and arduous services in the Far Eastern portion of the Empire that they renamed the new harbour at Singapore, changing it to the Keppel Harbour.

Harry had been the first to discover its merits while sailing through the western entrance in Her Majesty's ship 'Rodney' when Commander-in-Chief of the China fleet.

He had lately, at the age of ninety, been visiting the scenes of his past labours—British North Borneo, Labuan, and Sarawak. The new naming of the harbour was the occasion of a great ceremony, when Sir Frank A. Swettenham and all the leading merchants steamed through the anchorage and broke champagne-bottles on a convenient buoy, cheering the old Admiral to their hearts' content.

It was here that, to his dismay, all his medals, orders, and decorations were stolen; but they were afterwards found under a bush, where they had been thrown by a Chinaman, who, luckily, did not appreciate their value.

Incredible as it may appear, this was not his last visit to the East. He was captivated by the reception he got there, and again, alone, revisited the colony in 1903!

CHAPTER XI

HARRY's life afloat was now at an end; but in August 1872 he was appointed to the command at Plymouth, with Algernon Heneage as his flag-captain and Lord Charles Beresford as his flag-lieutenant.

Coming from church one Sunday morning, soon after the hoisting of his flag, he met the Duke of Grafton in sad distress. He had arrived the previous evening, with his invalid wife, at Lord Mount-Edgcumbe's winter villa, situated by the sea, and snugly sheltered from everything but the sun. The invalid Duchess, who had suffered from terrible insomnia for months, had gone to bed, and was enjoying a real sleep, when she was thrown into violent hysterics by the discharge of cannon in rapid succession. The Duke implored Harry, if it were possible, to stop the daylight gun the next morning, as he was alarmed at the probable con-

sequences. Harry at once undertook to comply with his request, and promised to get Sir Charles Staveley, Commander-in-Chief at Devonport, to do likewise.

Now there was within sound of the guns a factory, whose workmen regulated their morning attendance by the firing of the Admiral's gun. The manufacturer at once complained to the Admiralty of the cessation of the gunfire at daylight, and the Admiralty, alarmed at this terrible breach of red-tape rules, at once forbade the omission of the daylight gun.

Daylight, however, is not made until the event is first communicated to the Admiral; so Harry arranged with his flag-captain that the daylight should be made at hours convenient to the invalid, and nothing more was heard from the aggrieved manufacturer.

Amongst the many merits that rigorous impartiality might attribute to Harry, perhaps the strict official dignity of the Jack-in-office was wanting. Meeting a middy in the tramcar between Plymouth and Devonport, he called him aside and said: 'Don't you tell my flag-captain you saw me here; he would not approve.'

But this was not his only departure from red-tape pedantry. Eight lieutenants got into a row at the Plymouth Theatre with the police. Some of their captains wanted to bring them before a court-martial; but one of them told what had occurred to the Admiral, who scoffed at the idea of a court-martial, and only remarked that 'he was glad to hear that there was a naval officer left who could thrash a bobby.'

Harry's fame had followed him from the sea to the land, and he soon became the most popular man in the neighbourhood of Plymouth. Every country house was opened to him, and every host competed for the pleasure of his company. His near neighbour, Lord Mount-Edgcumbe, Johnnie Bulteel at Pamflete, Lord St. Germans at Port Eliot, Mr. and Mrs. Hartmann at Saltram, Admiral Parker, Sir Massey Lopes—always kept open gates and arms to welcome him.

Among his hunting friends were 'Squire' Charles Trelawney—the master of the Dartmoor Hunt, who used to say that the combination of Keppel as Commander-in-Chief, Heneage as flag-

captain, and Charlie Beresford as flag-lieutenant, was enough to demoralise any fleet—and the sporting parson, Russell, aged eighty-three; but with him, as with Harry, age was of no account. Many a time, Lieutenant Charles Windham, who succeeded Lord Charles Beresford as his flag-lieutenant, tells me, the Admiral, after a hard day's hunting, would ride home twelve or fifteen miles, pulling up at a roadside inn for nothing more than a cup of tea or coffee.

He was kindness itself to all the commanding officers under him, and his sharpest rebuke to a captain who had failed in some point of duty was to call him 'Mr.' On one occasion he was very angry, and his secretary asked whether he should send the captain a rap over the knuckles. 'No,' said Harry, 'one cannot say what one means nowadays; when I was a boy a captain displeased old Sir John Duckworth, who sent him a message through the speaking-trumpet in language which I dare not record in these pages.'

Harry loved the company of young men. It has been said that a man is only the age he

feels himself to be, and if this is true Harry was younger than the youngest of his lieutenants, some of whom, to please him on his birthday, hired a drag, and asked the Admiral to drive them over to the Totnes Steeplechases, which he did. Oddly enough, the groom who came to look after the team had served with Harry in the 'St. Jean d'Acre.'

When Lieutenant Windham returned from the East Indies, in 1873, he was visiting his aunt, Mrs. Hare, at Devonport, who insisted on his going at once to pay his respects to the Admiral. Having no uniform, he apologised. 'Dear boy,' said Harry, 'I'm not ——,' naming his predecessor.

One day the Admiral challenged the General at Mount Wise to a point-to-point race on Dartmoor. The course was mapped out with due formalities, and the Admiral won the race.

Harry was very keen about his hunting and shooting, and would often get secretly away in the mornings, before his secretary, with despatches from the Admiralty, could catch him. But one day he pursued the Admiral, after a

long chase, at Colonel Coryton's place, Pentillie, and made his back into a writing-table, on which many signatures were written. He would often hunt with Admiral Parker, master of the Dartmoor Hounds, and an old coachman there remembered Harry's dancing a hornpipe on the ice on the occasion of a frost. He was a careless shot, and one day he came back to Mrs. Parker, saying, 'I have had an excellent day's sport. I have shot two woodcock, ten pheasants, a rabbit, and your son!'

On the first day's shooting at Port Eliot the keeper surprised him by asking if he might look at his cartridges, explaining that his predecessor, Admiral Codrington, had used ball cartridges, which he had taken out of the store in the Dockyard.

Not contented with hunting on Dartmoor, he crossed over to Ireland with Lord Charles Beresford, to hunt with Lord Waterford, where, as usual, he had a bad fall and broke his collar-bone. But his worst accident was when hunting with Lord Digby in Dorsetshire, when he fell on his head, and was laid up for a long time, being thereby prevented from joining the Embassy

which was sent to Italy to present the King with the Garter.

Surely there never was a man who 'came up smiling,' as the prizefighters say, after so many accidents.

One day he tumbled from a ship, when visiting her with Admiral Commerell, on to the pig-iron pavement in the Dockyard, about twenty feet below him, and was stunned. They gave him up for dead. However, he heard Admiral Commerell shouting for water, so he thought it was time to pull himself together, and cried out, 'Put some whisky in it.' He rallied and was put to bed, but insisted on going to Goodwood. When his doctor declared that he would not take the responsibility of his going: 'Who the devil,' he said, 'asked you to take the responsibility?'

On one occasion he met Mr. Manley Sims, his doctor, who wanted to know how he was. He did not recognise him, and said: 'Quite well, and all the better for not having seen that beast of a doctor of mine for some time.'

The German Emperor had a story of Harry's going on board the 'Hohenzollern' with the

Prince of Wales at Cowes. Not knowing the new regulations of 1890 as to saluting, he took off his cap to the Emperor; whereupon the Prince of Wales said, 'Admiral, that's wrong'; and he replied, 'No, sir, you can't teach an old dog new tricks.'

His temperament was not fitted for unmitigated domesticity, and after one of his accidents he tore off the bandages the doctor had put on him, and went away for a change and some amusement. His over-anxious wife in a day or two telegraphed to him: 'How are you, and where shall I find you?' to which, to her infinite amusement, the answer came: 'Am quite well. You cannot find me.'

With Lady Keppel he was staying with Sir Massey Lopes at Maristow, where he arrived at 9 o'clock in the morning, having ridden twelve miles from Devonport; he then drove to Totnes races, and back to Devonport at 11 P.M., and from there again he rode back to Maristow—a good day's work for a man of his age!

At Totnes he found that Lieutenant Windham was riding in one of the steeplechases.

'By Jove!' said the Admiral, 'if I had known that, I would have gone round too.'

On another occasion he drove out in a hansom cab to dine about six miles from Devonport. On coming away he found the driver drunk, so he left him behind and drove from the inside of the cab to the Admiralty House, where the sentry, seeing it arrive apparently without a driver, came to the charge, and was not a little surprised to see the Commander-in-Chief get out.

During his time at Plymouth he entertained the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh, and also Sir Samuel and Lady Baker; and when the 'Alert' and the 'Discovery' sailed down Channel, the Admiral went aboard in a heavy sea to bid them farewell. His nephew, now Admiral Stephenson, was on board, and, with all the officers and men, was delighted at the God-speed given to them by the 'Little Admiral.'

In 1876 his time of office at Plymouth had come to an end.

There is, perhaps, no sadder fate for a man than to have to confess that for the rest of his natural life he must only be an onlooker, and must take no active part in the profession which

through so many years has been the very breath of his nostrils, and find comfort in retrospection and philosophy only.

There is an old and very true Greek saying, 'Arms for the young, councils for the middle-aged, and prayers for the old'; and the problem at last comes to every man—How to grow old gracefully. Never to give pain to any living being; to rejoice in the happiness of others, and to make it his own; to avoid becoming a mere *censor minorum*, and to abstain from thinking that any change is bad, and that because he is old everything is going to the dogs; to be ready to give advice when asked, and only when asked; to give the benefit of his experience when sought for, with a pretty sure conviction that it will do no good; to offer generous sympathy to the young, who are in the thick of the fight, and never to sneer at them; to show an example of what the life of a Christian gentleman should be; to work, if possible, as long as the merciful gift of capacity is left, never forgetting that at any moment the fiat may go forth:

Lusisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti,
Tempus abire tibi est.

These were the conditions which Harry endeavoured to fulfil when the time had come for the final wrench from the Service he had loved and followed so well, and it required all the strength and courage of his character to realise that his active life at sea was over.

After leaving Plymouth, Harry was sometimes at Bishopstoke, and sometimes passed the winter months at Torquay with his family; but wherever they went Harry always had a *pied-à-terre* with a comrade in London. For a long time he shared an apartment with his old shipmate and kinsman, Lord Edward Russell, who was as fond of racing as Harry himself, and many were the race-meetings they attended together.

The east end of Piccadilly at night was not a quiet spot, and I recollect his telling me that a solicitous lady followed him till he took refuge in his house and slammed the door. On getting upstairs he was pursued with shrieks and yells, and had to descend again, to find he had caught the skirts of his persecutress in the door, from which he had to release her.

Lord Edward and he were looked after by a charming housekeeper called Patty, who made

them most comfortable. But nothing lasts in this world, and Lord Edward's death brought this happy *ménage* to an end. When this happened Harry's old flag-lieutenant, Lord Charles Beresford, insisted on placing a room at his disposal in his house in Eaton Square.

Harry was always fond of a story of how, one day, at a *Levee* he dropped his sword, and Lord Rosebery picked it up for him, saying, 'Let me be the first man that has ever given you back your unsurrendered sword.'

When Harry was ninety-one years of age he had, for the first time in his life, a tooth which bothered him; so his daughter took him to a dentist, who pronounced the tooth to be so sound and so firmly fixed that he declined to pull it out. Harry was annoyed at his fruitless journey and his fruitless fee, and when his daughter came to dinner he told her that he was not going to be dictated to by a dentist, and that he had himself extracted the sound tooth.

After his wife's death, in 1895, he followed the Prince of Wales's advice, and practically gave up his country places, and lived in chambers adjoining those of his nephew, Admiral Stephenson,

in the Albany, perhaps agreeing with Dr. Johnson that 'London is the best place in summer and the only place in winter.'

In these rooms he collected the pictures and photographs of all his friends, which I can see before me still: The simple bed, with his earliest commission, signed by Nelson's flag-captain, Hardy, framed, over his head; engravings of Nelson's victories; photographs of the King and Queen, given 'to her beloved Little Admiral'; portraits of Coke of Norfolk and Sir Francis Burdett; Sir Dighton Probyn charging at the head of his splendid Lancers in the Indian Mutiny, and a hundred others.

He led a hardy life. Meeting me in a bitter east wind one day in Piccadilly, on his way to church, he asked how Mr. Gladstone was. I told him he was very ill. 'Ah!' he said, 'he is over-nursed. If he would do as I do—climb up eighty steps, have a cold bath every day, and sleep with his window always open—he would never be ill.'

Harry was a constant attendant at church. A simple sailor, he was a man of simple faith, and was one of those who 'go down to the sea

in ships, and see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep.'

On one occasion his niece surprised him in his room with the Bible open before him. 'You have come unexpectedly,' he said, 'but I need not be ashamed of being found doing what I do every day of my life.'

To get to his room involved a climb of between seventy and eighty steps; but that did not prevent the Queen and Princess Victoria from paying the 'Little Admiral' a visit in his declining years.

It is pleasant to see how the affection of the mother was shared by the children. 'Sir,' began a letter, which is lying before me, from the Prince of Wales—'That is the proper way for a lieutenant to address an Admiral of the Fleet, but I hope I may begin, "My dear Little Admiral," which I always call you.'

His buoyant temperament was easily upset by sorrow, and he could not bear a funeral. When his elder brother, Lord Albemarle, died in 1891, Harry attended a military service for him in Westminster Abbey. A mounted escort preceded the cortège from the Abbey, in the first

Henry Keppel

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Henry Helpel

coach of which he was seated. He showed some restlessness in going through Trafalgar Square, which reached a climax when he came 'abeam' of the Senior, and he said to his grandson: 'Look here, Bury; I can't stand any more of this. Let us bring up at my club.' And so the whole cortège was stopped, and he was released from the funeral trappings, and took refuge in his beloved old club, of which he was the senior member. When, still later on, his old friend Sir George King died, he expressed his determination to attend his funeral, notwithstanding all the persuasions of his daughter. The next day he told her that he was much annoyed at discovering that the funeral was fixed for the day of the Stockbridge Races. 'I think,' he said, 'that I could go to the funeral and get on in time for the races; but perhaps people would not think that very nice of me, so I have made up my mind to give up—the funeral'!

Harry always took a deep and kindly interest in my boy Gilbert's successful but too short naval career, which closed in 1891. Standing by his grave in Wanborough churchyard, he said: 'Dear Gilbert, twenty-eight; I, eighty-two. How

inscrutable are the ways of Providence! Twenty-eight should be well and strong here, and eighty-two should be lying in the grave there.'

In the early days of February 1892 died Admiral of the Fleet Sir Provo Wallis. He was born in 1792, and I have been told that at four years of age he was entered on a ship's books as a cook's mate. If this were so, had he lived for four more years he would have enjoyed full pay for a hundred years; for in a scheme of retirement in 1870 he was, by a special clause in the Act, retained on the Active List until his death, and he would have been in the Navy twenty-six years before Keppel commenced his career.

When the Duke of Edinburgh's command had come to an end he was very anxious to revive the practice, long abolished, of giving what was called a haul-down promotion to his flag-lieutenant, Colin Keppel. Great influence was brought to bear on the First Lord of the Admiralty to get him to make an exception in his favour; but Lord Spencer was not a man to allow himself to be influenced in any direction that, in his opinion, was not to the advantage of the Service over which he presided.

Harry had an interview with him and urged his son's claim. But Lord Spencer was firm. And then came out the generosity of Harry's nature, for when the conversation was over he turned back from the door, swallowing his disappointment, and said, 'You are quite right, and if I were in your Lordship's place I would have done exactly what you have done.'

When Lord Spencer left the Admiralty in 1895 he evidently remembered this incident, and wrote to Harry, thanking him for his cordiality and generosity throughout his time at the Admiralty.

He never missed an autumn cruise with the Prince of Wales in the 'Osborne' at Cowes, and his face was well known in the clubhouse and on the lawn. Nothing could exceed the kindness of his Royal Host in looking after his guest. On one occasion the German Emperor, coming on board the 'Osborne' from the 'Hohenzollern,' wished to see Harry. It was at a time when he slept—'his custom always of an afternoon—' and the Prince, going down on tiptoe, refused to have him disturbed.

Walking with his niece, he met two young ladies who bowed to him. He seized them by

the hand, saying how kind they were to recognise an old fellow, and kissed them both. His niece remonstrated, but he said: 'I thought they were some more nieces—at any rate, they were devilish pretty girls!'

One day at Cowes it came on to rain in torrents, and two of his real nieces took shelter under a verandah of the hotel, which had been reserved for a certain rich stockbroker, who turned them out into the wet. Harry, hearing of this, was furious, and started out with his nephew to demand an apology—he had an umbrella in his hand—saying: 'I am too old to strike him, but I can poke his eye out.' The stockbroker said: 'How was I to know they were ladies?' 'Damn you, sir,' said Harry, 'don't you know a thoroughbred from a cart-horse? If you don't, I'll teach you.'

When paying a visit to the Royal yacht, the Prince of Wales told Queen Victoria that Harry was going to publish his recollections. Her Majesty called him up, and said: 'I hear, Sir Harry, you are going to publish your recollections. I shall be glad to read them.' 'No, your Majesty,' he said; 'I fear they will not be fit

reading for a lady.' And yet, as everybody knows, there is not a sentence in them which might not have been read aloud at Miss Pinkerton's Academy for Young Ladies on Chiswick Mall without calling up a blush on their innocent faces.

His popularity was universal. At Cowes he visited Mr. Armour's magnificent yacht, where he was piped on board at the suggestion of the quartermaster, who had never before seen him, but was an ardent admirer of his and had kept a record of all his exploits.

The inauguration of the new Order of Merit took place in Buckingham Palace on August 8, 1902, and Harry, who had been selected for that great honour, must have been, I imagine, ten years older than any of the others who assembled for their investiture on that day. Nothing could exceed the gracious manner of the King in bestowing these and other decorations; and I am sure that everyone felt, as I did, how the honour was enhanced by His Majesty's kind words to each recipient. On this occasion I was also honoured by a command to attend, to be invested with the Grand Cross of the Bath, and

so was able to accompany him to Buckingham Palace. It was a sight I shall never forget to see those who were selected for that high and new Order.

Shortly after this the Athenæum Club invited all the knights of the new Order of Merit to a dinner. My son William, probably the youngest member of that distinguished assembly, accompanied his uncle, whose health was proposed; but Sir Harry left the toast to be responded to by Sir Edward Seymour, not trusting himself to speak.

Few things bring death so vividly to our minds as a room deprived of a beloved presence. 'The empty chair,' as Thackeray, I think, somewhere says, 'mournfully whispers what yours and mine will some day be.'

The little treasures so dear to the possessor, so worthless in other eyes; the photograph which once gave so much pleasure, and brought back memories of loving friends and happy days long passed away, become only an encumbrance to those who remain, ignorant even of what they were and what they meant.

In his last years when the Admiral became

SIR HENRY KEPPEL AND HIS GRANDSON

somewhat deaf, his old friend, Mr. Read, went to visit him with Mr. Buckley, another old friend from Singapore; but Mr. Read and he found it difficult to understand each other. Turning to Mr. Buckley, Harry said, 'There is no doubt we ought both to be in a lunatic asylum.' But some short time before his death this deafness became worse—so bad, indeed, that he could not discern that his friends were even speaking. 'You have lost your voice, dear Algie,' he said to me; 'I cannot hear a word you are saying.' And then, one day, he said he had been having luncheon with the King. 'D——d dull it was; nobody except myself opened their lips all the time.' And, sadder still, when his daughter hastened home from Malta, he thought for a few days that she would not speak to him. But three days before his death his boy had returned from the Pacific, and God, as of old, worked a miracle, and restored to him, as he lay on his bed, the hearing of his youth.

And so the 'Little Admiral,' who had weathered so many storms, had at last 'fitted foreign' and set forth on the journey that he had long wished for, with a certainty that he would

gain the haven where he would be. He often longed for a 'mysterious union' with his native sea, and always hoped to be buried in its voiceless embrace. 'One must be eaten by something,' he would often say, 'and I would much rather be eaten by shrimps than by worms.'

I believe that when his nephew, Sir Harry Stephenson, was in command of the Channel Fleet he had made arrangements for a simple sailor's funeral. But it was not to be, and on January 21, 1904, I attended the dear Admiral's funeral at Winkfield. The solemnity of it will never be effaced from my memory. His coffin was draped with the Union Jack of the 'Majestic,' on which lay his cocked hat and sword. Behind the gun-carriage on which the coffin was placed there were drawn up petty officers from H.M.S. 'Mars,' 'Hannibal,' and 'Gladiator'; behind them, ship's companies from H.M.S. 'Victoria and Albert,' 'Osborne,' 'Vernon,' 'Hannibal,' and 'Victory.' Amongst the wealth of wreaths that covered the carriage, one was conspicuous, on which was written, with her own hand, 'In loving memory of my beloved Little Admiral, the best and bravest of men.

Rest in peace.—ALEXANDRA.' The King and the German Emperor were represented, and naval and military officers and troops of friends vied in the proof of their friendship and respect.

The little church was filled by sailors bringing garlands of flowers, which were placed on the coffin while the beautiful hymns, 'Oh, rest in the Lord' and 'Lead, kindly light,' were being sung.

> Safe home, safe home to port—
> Rent cordage, shattered deck,
> Torn sails, provisions short,
> And only not a wreck.
> But oh, the joy upon the shore
> To tell our voyage—perils o'er.

And there were many tears silently shed by those who had known and loved the 'Little Admiral.' And when the body was lowered into the grave, in presence of his gallant son, and the orders were given to fire three volleys in the air, and the 'Last Post' was sounded, many sobs were heard, and it would have required a stony heart not to be moved. Those who were present saw his little grandson, who had just joined the Service, standing at the salute, with the tears rolling down his cheeks. He was thinking pro-

bably of his grandfather, who had once been as he was, and was now again as a little child.

While the funeral was taking place at Winkfield Church, an impressive service was being held at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, which was attended by the King and Queen, who herself chose the hymns that were sung.

Harry Keppel's body sleeps in the little churchyard by the side of his wife, and surely neither Westminster Abbey nor St. Paul's ever witnessed a more impressive ceremonial.

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